1915

ORIOLE

1 9 8 5 1 9 8 5

Benetta Martin

1 9 8 5 1 9 8 5

To Benette.
Good Luck!
Chevonne
231-1223

To Benette:
Good Luck in Everything you do, And with Baby face!
love Gerard.

ORIOLE 1985

Evander Childs High School
Bronx, N.Y.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1 TITLE COVER
2- 3 TABLE OF CONTENTS
4- 5 SCENES — SCHOOL AIDES
6- 7 PARAPROFESSIONALS — SCENES
8- 9 ADMINISTRATION
10-11 SPRING TEAMS
12-13 SOCCER — PHYSICAL EDUCATION
14-15 SWIM
16-17 BASKETBALL
18-19 TRACK
20-21 FOOTBALL
22-23 SOFTBALL/BASEBALL
24-25 BOWLING
26-27 SCENES
28-29 VOLLEYBALL — GIRL'S BASKETBALL
30-31 GIRL'S SWIMMING
32-33 MUSIC GROUPS
34-35 DEANS/SECURITY/GUIDANCE
36-37 SOCIAL STUDIES
38-39 SECRETARIES — LIBRARIANS
40-41 SPECIAL EDUCATION
42-43 INDUSTRIAL ARTS — HOME ECONOMICS
44-45 NURSING
46-47 ART — MUSIC
48-49 MATHEMATICS
50-51 FOREIGN LANGUAGES
52-53 BUSINESS
54-55 SCIENCE
56-57 CLUBS
58-59 ENGLISH
60-63 THEME
64 PUBLICATIONS
65-96 THE BRIDGE
97 AUTOGRAPHS
98-99 CAMERA SHY
100-134 SENIORS

School Aides

Ms. Bialik, Ms. Crooks, Ms. Edwards, Ms. Francomano, Ms. Gleich, Ms. Halperin, Mr. Henry, Ms. Kinlen, Mr. Lowy, Ms. Marus, Ms. Morgan, Ms. Perl, Ms. Provenza, Ms. Ramos, Ms. Sansola, Ms. Schlipstein, Mr. Strothers, Ms. Terilli, Ms. Terranova, Mr. Watson, Ms. Weinberg, Mr. Wolfson, Ms. Young, Ms. Terminello.

They're there when you need them,
They never fail their jobs.
Your records wouldn't get there,
Your sick notes never noted.
Their patience is of iron made,
Just let's say 'thanks' to our school aides.

Modern Dance

Paraprofessionals

Ms. Cervera, Mr. Cordero, Ms. Dash, Ms. Figueroa, Ms. Gluck, Ms. Hobbs, Ms. Johnson, Ms, Kurtz, Ms. Lopez, Ms. McCaster, Ms. McCormack, Ms. Naveira, Ms. Padro, Ms. Pagan, Ms. Scott, Ms. Solano, Ms. Sullo, Ms. Watkins.

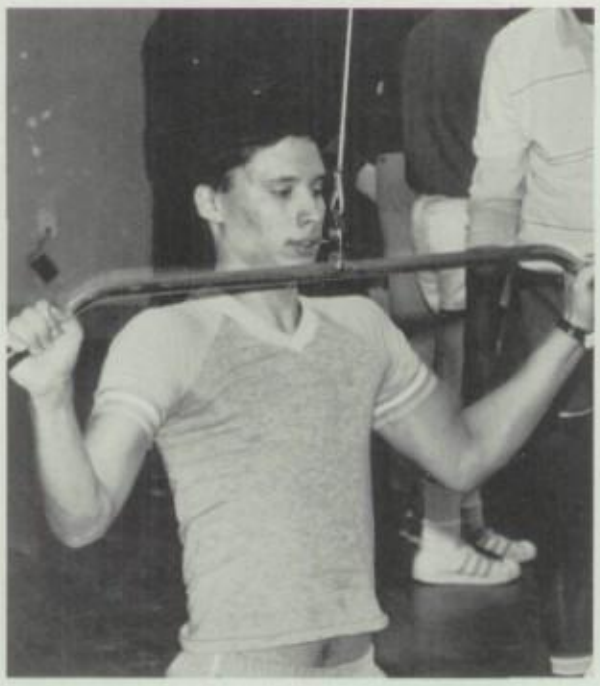
Your high school days are ending. Now is the time to look ahead to the next plateau. Will it be college? Will it be the world of work? Will you begin to raise your own family? Some great decisions must be made. Who will help you? At Evander Childs High School we pride ourselves on the closeness of our staff to our students. Our teachers and counselors have tried to help you over the rough spots these past years and have been and are available to you for additional consultation. Feel free to visit us in the future and let us know how you are doing and what advice you can pass along to those pupils who will be following you. You can be the big brothers and sisters to the future generations of Evander graduates. You will always be a part of our family.

I am looking forward to the news of the continued accomplishments and successes and extend my personal wishes for your future happiness.

Your principal,

William H. Klein

Mr. W. H. Klein



Mr. Klein, Principal
Mr. Aberle, Assistant Principal, Administration
Mrs. Grigorian, Assistant Principal, Guidance

Tennis

Kneeling: Melford James, Delroy Christian, Dale Knight. Standing: Mark Hayes, Jose Rivera, Erik Arroyo, Coach Alessi.

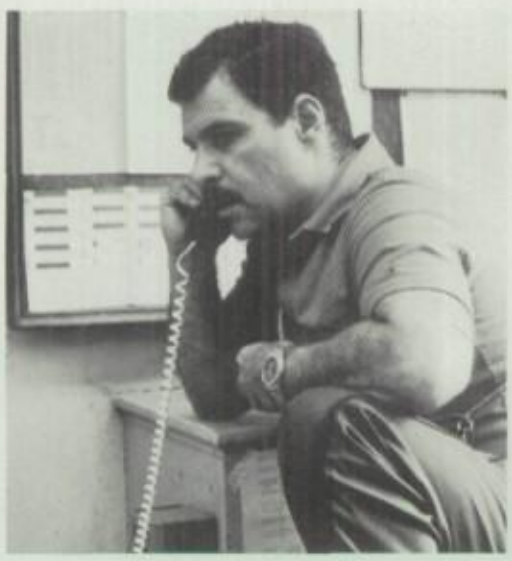
Baseball

Kneeling: Joseph Lugo, Luis Davila, Tilokie Munnilal, Victor Torres, David Baboolal. Standing: Coach Spano, Rupert Walker, James Balfour, Julio Bonilla, Walter Hurd, Radcliff Murphy, Jorge Morel.

Girls' Tennis

Kneeling: Arlene Barnard, Rosemarie Thompson, Paula James, Ann Gomez. Standing: Coach Hillis, Sandra Lyn, Avon Connell, Donna Simon, Karen Swainson, Shane Feanny.

Soccer



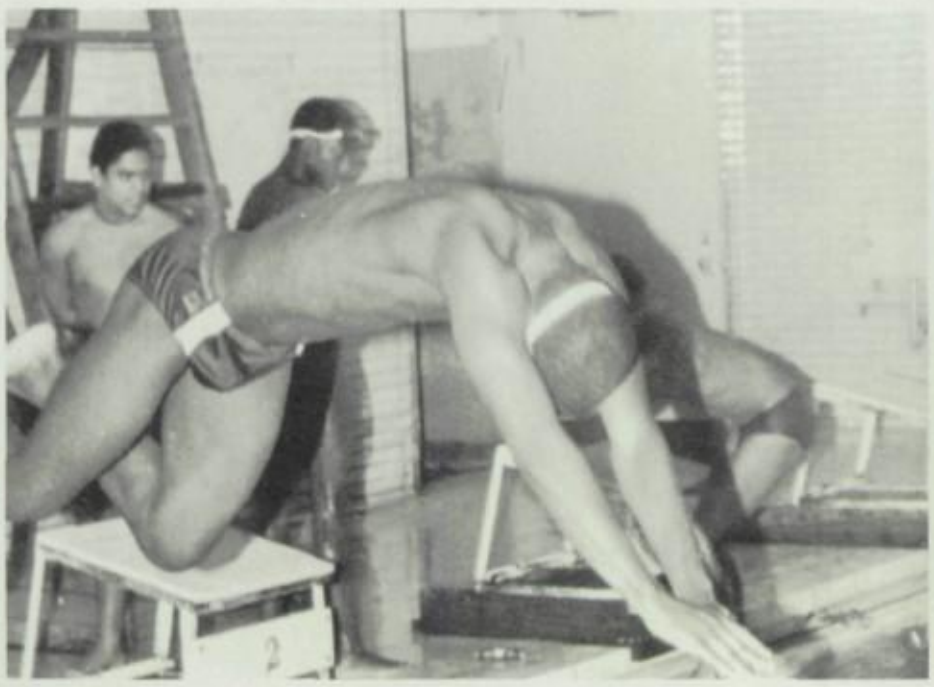
Sitting: A. Dunbar, A. Lizano, D. Deroux, P. Holmes, F. Donald, G. Green, O. Green.
Kneeling: A. Bell, P. Beckford, R. Atkinson, D. Sam, N. Lawson, T. Williams.
Standing: D. Hamilton, P. Alonso, R. Martin, A. Archa, A. Francis, Coach Heffernan.

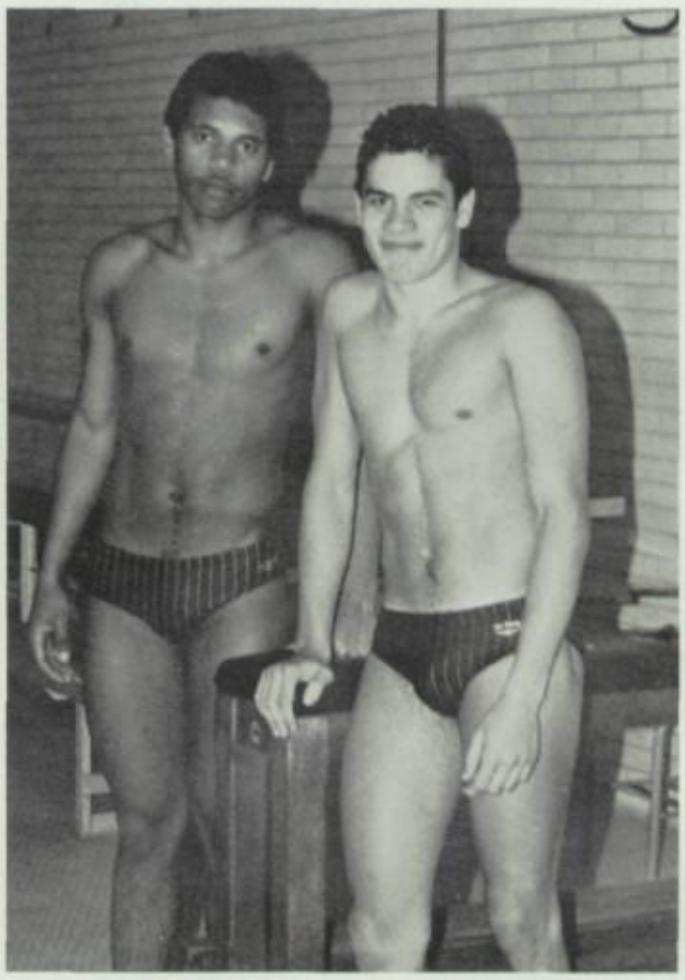
Our bodies are our gardens, to
which our wills are gardeners.
Othello Act 1 Sc. 3

Physical Education

Ms. Alessi, Ms. Ferrandino, Mr. Heffernan, Ms. Hillis, Mr. Jaffe, Mr. Kalman, Mr. Masarsky, Ms. Pruitt, Ms. Rouse, Ms. Shuch, Mr. Shulman, Mr. Sillman, Mr. Spano, Mr. Stern, Ms. Stroh, Mr. Welsh, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

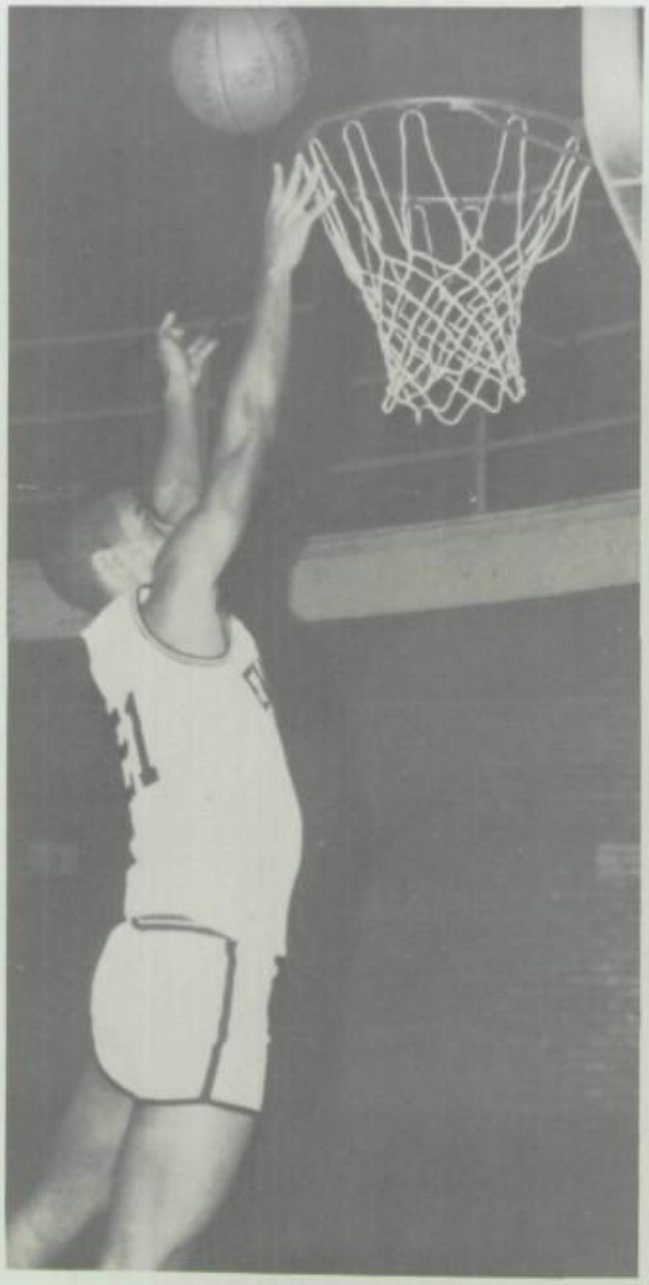
Men's Swim



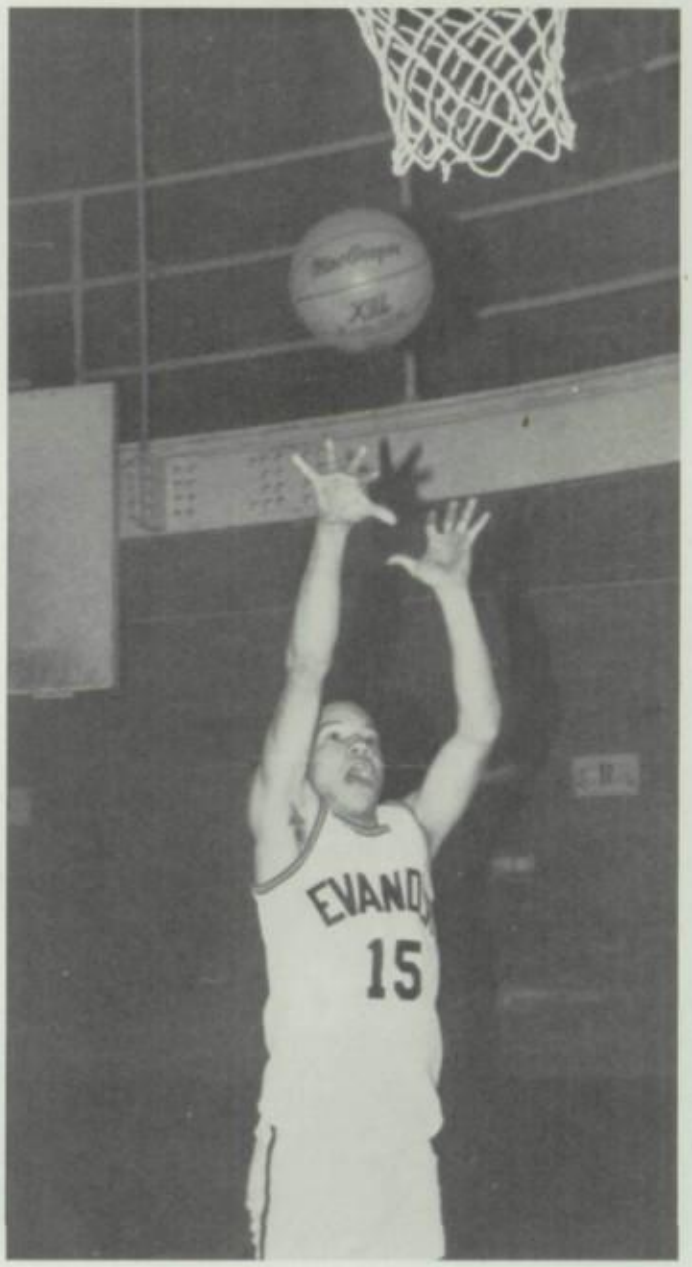


Israel Ruiz
Nyam Smith
Pat Iglesias
Charles Gaines
Duval Buford
Coach Mr. D. Stern
Carlos Rivera
Roger Walters
Richard Atkinson

Ennis Neal
Gary Evans
Mike Santiago
Lila Radu
James Slater
John Romero
Ed Negron
Alvin Rodriguez



Basketball



BRYAN RICKETTS	SENIOR FORWARD
LORNE LETTSOME	SENIOR GUARD
ALEX PARKER	SOPHOMORE FORWARD
DONALD SANDERS	SENIOR CENTER
WALTER HURD	SOPHOMORE GUARD
DELROY WILSON	SENIOR GUARD
ROBERT MCLAEN	SOPHOMORE FORWARD
JAMES MCCOY	SOPHOMORE GUARD
ROBERT TURNER	JUNIOR FORWARD
RODNEY DAUGHTERY	SOPHOMORE GUARD
ANDINO EDGARDO	SENIOR GUARD
ARTHUR MALCOM	SENIOR GUARD
SAM HARRIS	JUNIOR CENTER

Head Coach: Mr. Martindale
Assistant Coach: Howie Negron

Track

Coach Sachar, Robert Fredrick, Dave Roper, Wayne Munroe, Chris Webb, Ken Brown. Camera Shy: Devon Klein, Andrew Forrester, Peters Michael.

Girl's Track

Kneeling: Sharon Greene, Christine Worrell, Cheryl Wright.
Standing: Coach Reilly, Nadege Delma, June Dickson, Paulette Stewart, Coach Sillman, Audrey Dawkins.

Varsity Football

1984 SCOREBOARD

Evander	6	Clinton
Clinton	38	Evander
Evander	2	Washington
Kennedy	18	Evander
Evander	12	Truman
Evander	12	Lehman

Arthur Berry
Charles Black
Craig Brown
Delroy Christian
Dave Flynch
Louis Gatling
Joel Gonzalez
Gray Gourdine
Charlton Hay
Melvin Jackson
Wayne Jackson
Johnnie Jones
Jeffrey Johnson
James Matthews
Victor Mitchell
Odellas Moore
Timothy Moore
Luis Reyes
Bryan Ricketts
Marvin Rippy
Benny Ruiz
Harold Rivers
Martin Scott
Todd Smith
David Tomlinson
Keith Torres
Henry Usher
Teddy Young

January Graduation

Approximately twenty five hundred years ago a Greek Philosopher named Heraclitus said, "Character is Fate." He had developed an idea that everything in the universe is constantly changing and therefore he arrived at the conclusion that the only thing in our life that remains constant is a person's character.

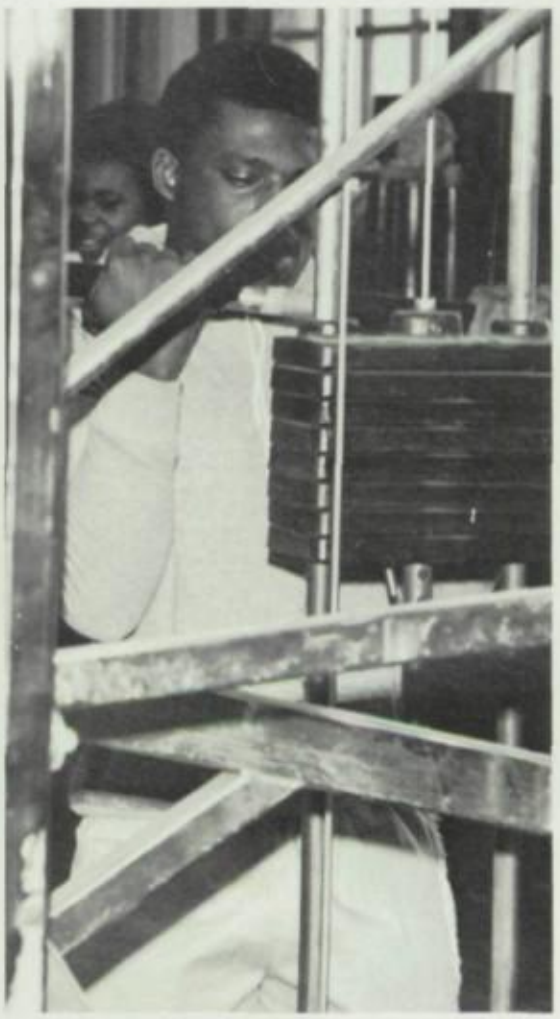
Mr. Jerome Becker, Assistant Principal, English

Bowling Teams

Kneeling: Tom Mones, James Brathwaite, Lindel Watkins.
Standing: Coach Alessi, Mike Doyley, Bill Franchescini, George Pinicota.

Kneeling: Julia Ojeda, Ann Gomez, Ronda Layne, Donna Layne.
Standing: Coach Hillis, Adrianne Grant, Mildred Hernandez, Bermanette Flores, Elizabeth Camacho, Arlene Bernard.

Campaign '84 was honestly fought
As Delroy, Carlene and Earl thought.
They won the election in a sweep
Promising Evander's tradition to keep.
In their lives ahead, we wish them success,
A political future? It's anyone's guess.



So Much to Do — So Much to See

Kneeling:
Monique Vega
Sonia Vazquez
Lynn Mayo
Michelle Freeman
Standing:
Mr. Heffernan
(Cheryl, Monee, Tania)
Lagina Chism
Maxine Mairland
Stacey Henderson

Basketball

Girls Basketball and Volleyball

Kneeling: Miligros Perez, Yovanna Chardon, Rosemarie Thompson, Viola Saunders, Cathy Jones.
Standing: Devon George, Coach McCormack, Patricia Iglesias, Deborah Flowers, Audrey Robinson, Donna Simon, Cindy Jacobs.

Girls Swim Team

Bottom Row: Coach Doug Stern, Elissa Feliciano, Jackie Rivera, Sylvia Yates, Lucy Vargas, Margaret Vargas, Israel Ruiz. Top Row: Nyam Smith, Patricia Iglesias, Janice Saunders, Michelle Chin, Carmen Hiraldo, Garry Evans.

CAPTAINS
Patricia Iglesias, Janice Saunders

Cheerleaders

Eileen Farrar, Toshanna Scott, Pam Dixon, Pam Anderson, Olive Fullwood, Tracy Jackson

Softball

Kneeling:
Isabel Ferrer,
Denise Williams,
Daisy Colon,
Lila Spagnole,
Lynette Gordon,
Andrea McPherson,
Sharon Greene.
Standing:
Joey Hooper,
Christina Pulliam,
Michelle Freeman,
Diedre Wells,
Stacey Henderson,
Lynn Mayo,
Captain Arlene Barthlett,
Simone Mitchell,
Captain Adrianne Grant,
Coach Sy Kalman

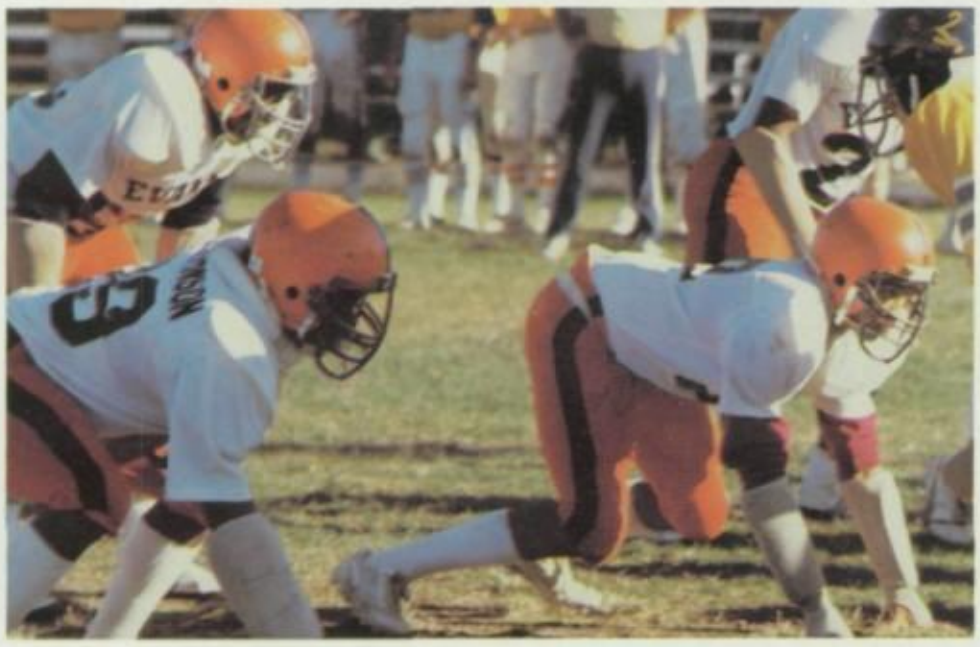
Concert Wind Ensemble

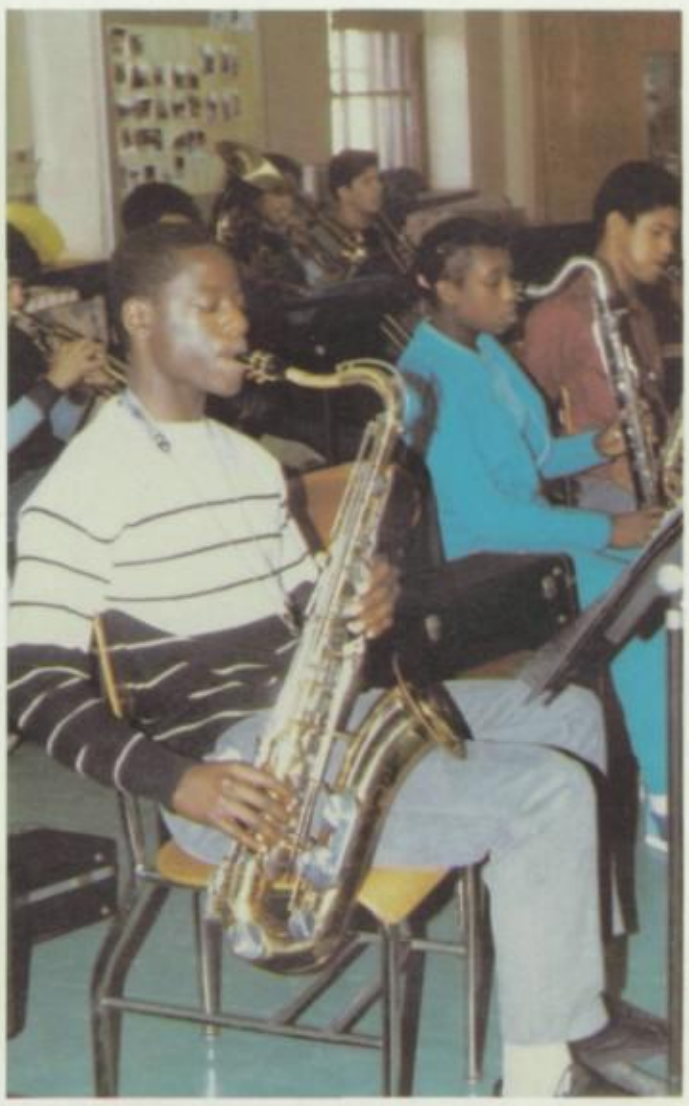
Jose Acevedo, Nicole Brown, Melissa Childs, Frank Dickens, Elizabeth Duncan, Sabrina Edwards, Adrian Gayle, Tracey George, Karen German, Sean Hooks, Katherine Jones, Marie Judge, Dwayne Long, Androsky Lugo, Doreen Marsh, Maria Martinez, Marsedean Morris, Victor Ortiz, Lurdes Rivera, Gary Solomon, Gail Talley, Gerson Vargas, Michael Vasquez, Charlene Willie. Mr. Seitzer, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

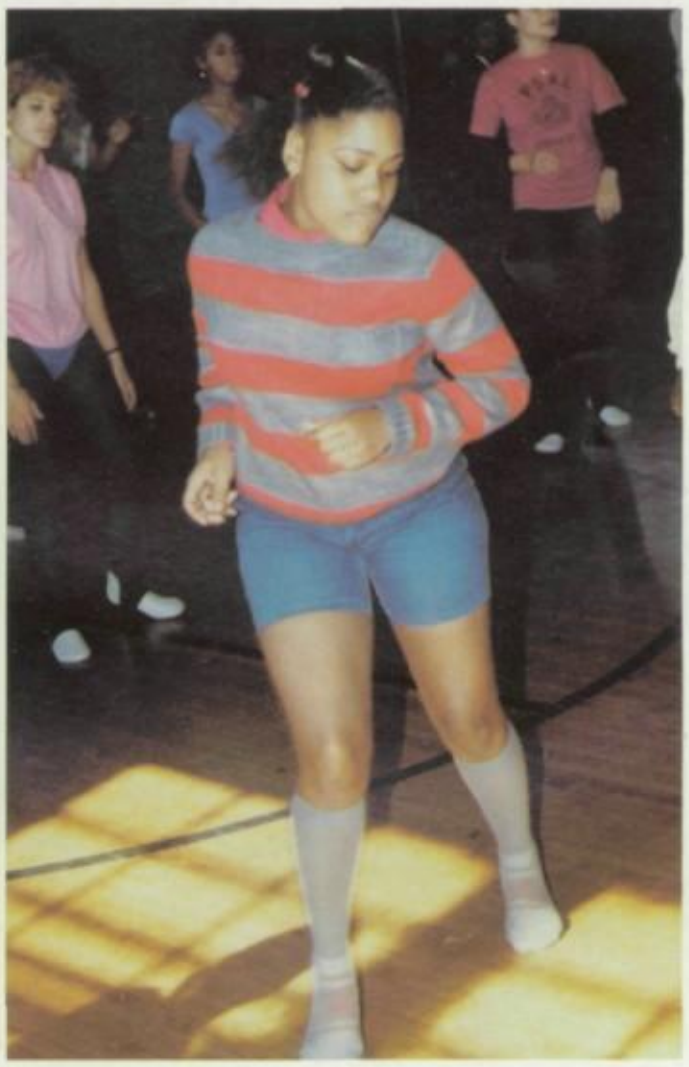
Sitting: Pamela Dixon, Ronda Layne, Kesha Weedon, Ann-Marie Faustin, Gary Richard.
Standing: Louis Tescum, Jose Rivera, Dave Jarvis, Antonie Kelly, George Memos, Mark Roman, Isabel Ferrer.

String Ensemble

Evander is our high school,
It's more than brick and stone.
And in the years that follow,
True feelings will be known.
We'll seek our forturnes elsewhere
And travel round the globe,
But in our hearts we'll always know,
Evander is our home.







It was the best time,
It was a great time!
It was a party
Just to be near you.

A Cappella

Dennis Allen, Damari Arroyo, Marisol Bonilla, Sijollie Braham, Beverley Broomfield, David Casey, Ramona Clements, Donna Crummell, Anthony Davis, Kassandra Davis, Sharon Goodwin, Morton Graham, Phillip Grant, Tracey Harrell, Allison Harry, Keith Henry, Erica Jarrett, Stacey Kornegay, Laurel Lawrence, Gloria Lewis, Lisa Miller, Madeline Pacheco, Marjorie Paul, Jamie Richburg, Ida Smith, Tyra Smith, Moyra Taylor, Patricia Williams, Lynn Wilson, Angel Woodward, Pandora Wooten. Ms. Priscilla Walker.

Madrigal Singers

Keith Henry, Marjorie Paul, Eric Roberts, Beverley Broomfield, Kevin Knights, Damari Arroyo, Joseph Durant, Karen Elbers.

Guidance Counselors

Mr. Ackerman, Ms. Atkins, Ms. Miller, Ms. Pavia, Ms. Serina, Ms. Simon, Mr. Stern, Ms. Tashner, Ms. Vallade.

Deans: Mr. Kava, Mr. Schacter, Mr. Seidner, Ms. Alessi, Ms. Hillis

Mr. Berk, Mr. Colman, Mr. DeSantis, Mr. Destefano, Mr. Giber, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Kava, Mr. Klores, Mr. Krinski, Mr. McCormack, Mr. Nussbaum, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Posner, Mr. Schacter, Mr. Schwetje, Mr. Shmulewitz, Mr. Spiegel, Mr. Weintraub, Mr. Liebowitz, Mr. Raftery. Mr. Cooper, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

To Bernette,
May your first and the
future not be as
Mr. Louis DeStefano

To Benette
Good Luck
My Best Wishes
for a successful and
happy future!
I'm so proud of you!
Love, Mr. Wilson

Social Studies

There is history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased . . .
11 Henry IV Act 111 Sc. 1

Librarians

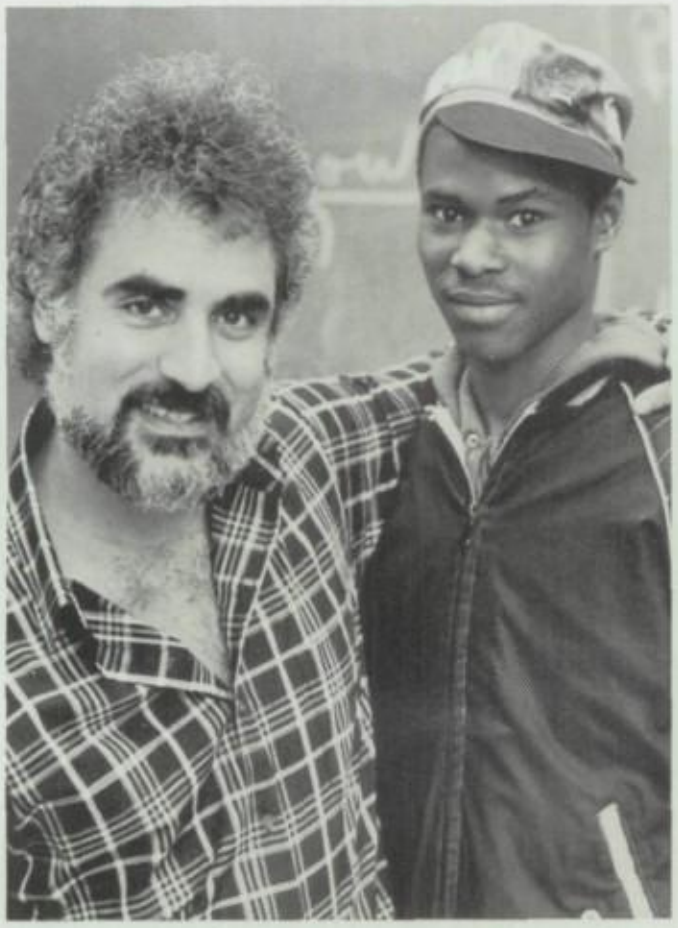
Ms. Kaplan, Ms. Paradiso, Ms. Romano,

A beggar's book Outhworths a noble's blood
Henry VIII Act 1 Sc. 1

Evander's Secretaries

Ms. Federbush, Ms. Goetz, Ms. Kane, Ms. Kearney, Ms. Maidenberg, Ms. Mandel, Ms. Mekul, Ms. Newman, Ms. Sansola, Ms. Siegel, Ms. Silverman, Ms. Weber.

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
Timon of Athens Act V Sc. 1

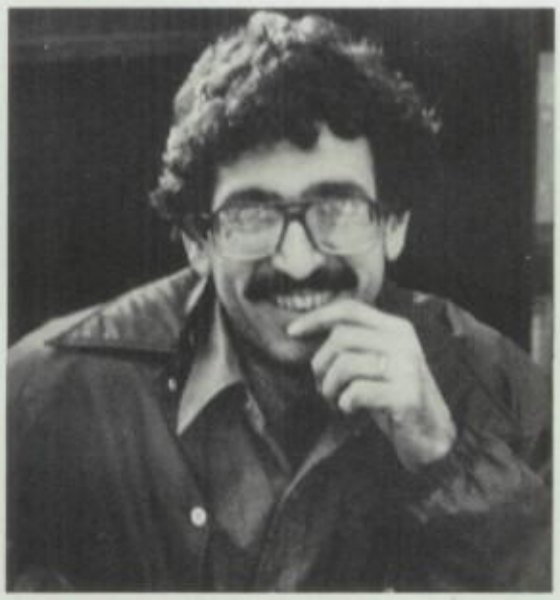


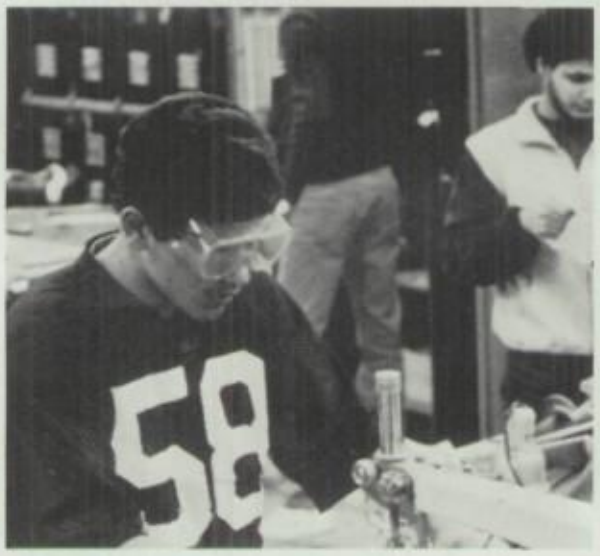
Mr. Ahiyan, Ms. Anderson, Mr. Azzari, Mr. Bates, Mr. Berger, Ms. Brown, Ms. M. Brown, Mr. Carlucci, Mr. Cloutier, Ms. Cousins, Ms. Cover, Mr. DiMatteo, Ms. Englisch, Ms. Fields, Ms. Gilbert, Ms. Jefferson, Ms. Lederer, Ms. Levine, Ms. Lowe, Ms. Manso, Mr. Michael, Mr. Palazzo, Mr. Porto, Ms. Ramos, Mr. Riley, Ms. Shmulewitz,

Special Education

Mr. Seidner,
Ms. Simmons,
Ms. Smilay,
Ms. Streiter,
Mr. Sukenick,
Mr. Thomas,
Mr. Thompson,
Ms. Wallen,
Ms. Welch,
Ms. Wilson,
Ms. Zalkin,
Ms. Burton,
Ms. Farhie.
Ms. Kelly,
Assistant Principal,
Supervision.

Industrial Arts and Home Economics





Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate . . .

As You Like It
Act III Sc. 2

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of Starved people.
M. of Venice Act V Sc. 1

Ms. Gee and Ms. Huneke
Mr. Pleeter, Mr. Roccanova, Mr. Spadaccino
Mr. Seltzer, Assistant Principal, Supervision

Evander Childs High School has a two year Health Careers Program which provides students with the opportunity to explore some two hundred health careers.

During the first year of study, the students concentrate on developing a strong medical vocabulary along with an overview of anatomy and diseases.

Health Careers

The second year of study stresses basic hospital skills and medical specialties. Students are encouraged to volunteer or seek employment in health related institutions. In this way, students gain experience and first hand knowledge of the variety of health careers.

Upon completion of the Health Careers Program, the students earn a Board of Education Certificate in Health Assisting.

Art and Music

Ms. Brenner, Mr. Groman, Ms. Grubstein, Mr. Memos, Ms. Walker, Mr. Seltzer, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

Music hath such charm To make bad good . . .
Measure For Measure
Act IV Sc. 1

In framing any artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.

Pericles
Act II Sc. 3

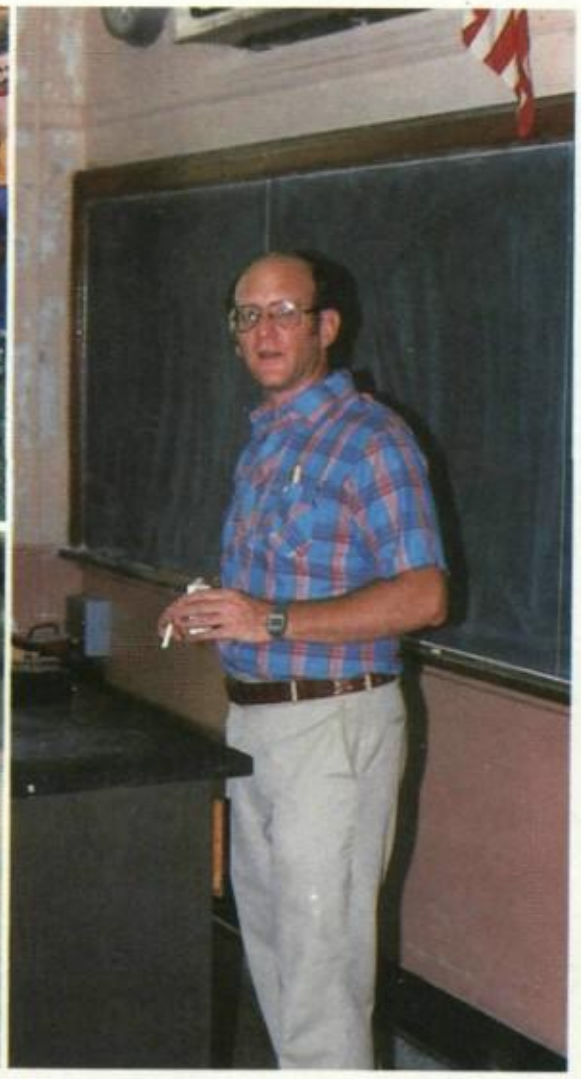
Nor stony towers, nor walls of beaten brass
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

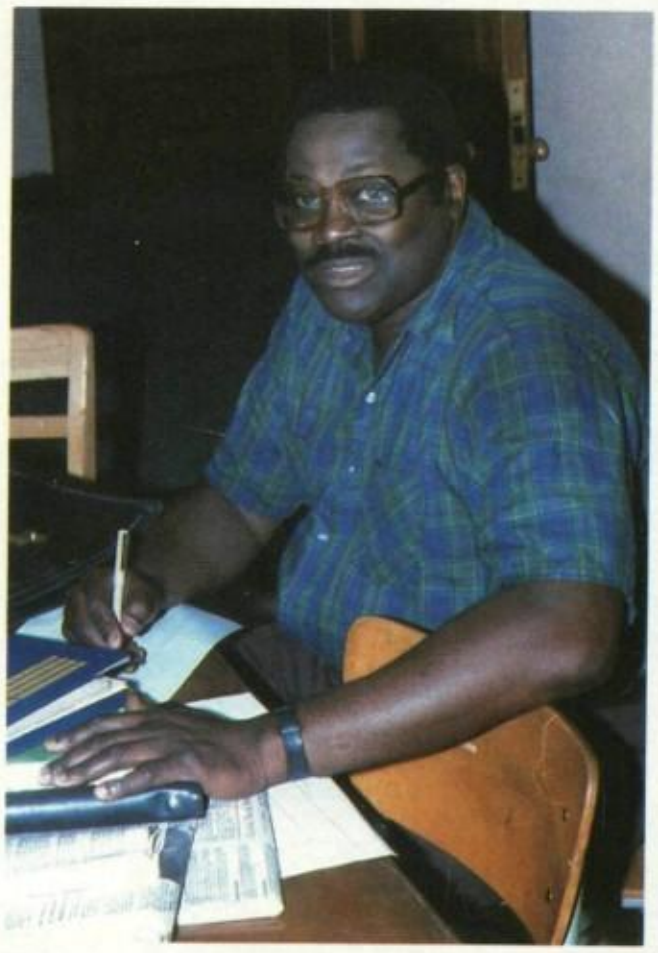
Julius Caesar
Act I Sc. 3

Point the way to the horizon
And listen to the future's song.

We'll blow our horns,
We have the right,
We're graduates now,
Ready for life's fight.
We're cookin' and computin'
Searching for life's scope.
Ready for a future day
Reaching for the stars,
Evander has prepared the way,
And filled our cups with hope.

We're off and running,
Reaching for the touchdown;
Steaming devices.
One thing's for sure,
Our teachers were the nicest.

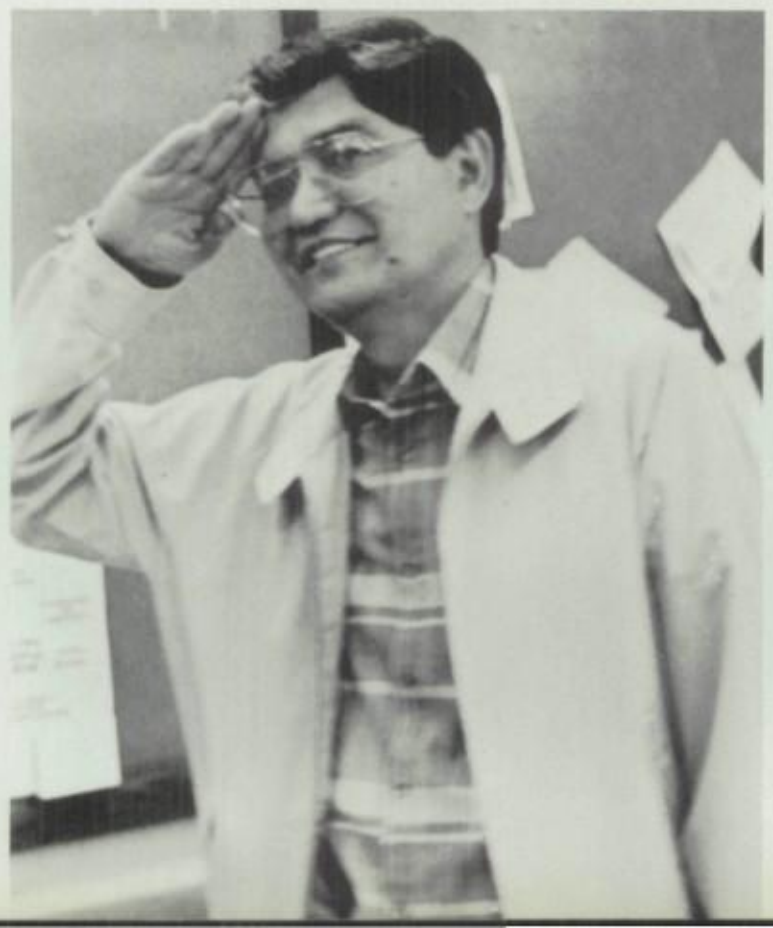




Mathematics

Mr. Angerame, Mr. Avrin, Mr. Berlin, Mr. Colello, Ms. Colon, Ms. Dresner, Mr. Elgarten, Mr. Fuchs, Ms. Goldenberg, Mr. Guerin, Mr. Jones, Ms. Katcher, Mr. Kaufman, Mr. Kessler, Mr. Levinton, Ms. Lewin, Mr. Lobban, Ms. Lombardi, Mr. Paticoff, Ms. Ralston, Ms. Segal, Ms. Solomon, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

Foreign Language



You taught me language; and my profit on't Is I know . . .
The Tempest, Act 1 Sc. 2

Ms. Fuller, Ms. Garcia, Mr. Javier, Mr. Lefkowitz, Ms. Lehman, Ms. Mattioli, Ms. Navarette, Ms. Peters, Ms. Pierre, Mr. Velazquez. Ms. Lessem, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

Business Education

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
Antony and Cleopatra Act IV Sc. 4.

Mr. Abrams, Ms. Bader, Ms. Beran, Ms. Felder, Mr. Flax, Ms. Hicks, Ms. Holzman, Ms. Kaufman, Ms. Licht, Ms. Cox, Ms. Paige, Mr. Seff, Ms. Spierer, Ms. Turner, Ms. Young. Ms. Nonis, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

Dear Bernette -
We made it.
Good luck &
Good Health
Dr. Frank P. Uzzo

Ms. Arcement, Ms. Chalat, Mr. Goldick, Mr. Hellman, Mr. Maroselli, Ms. Perez, Mr. Rabinowitz, Mr. Raftery, Mr. Marmor, Mr. Ravick, Ms. Spataro, Mr. Stowers, Ms. Supcoff, Mr. Uzzo. Lab Specialist: Ms. West and Ms. Weiner. Ms. Lombardo, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone.

All's Well That Ends Well
Act 11 Sc. 1

The Sciences

Improvisational Theater

STANDING:
RALPH BUCKLEY
MARILYN SIERRA
ABERNELL THORNBIRD
MICHAEL NURSE
ARTHUR BERRY
THEODORE YOUNG
GEORGIA DUNN
ELIZABETH MIRANDA
SITTING:
SHERMA SHEPPARD
CRYSTAL WIRTS
NICOLE SKEETE
DIANE CLARKE
EMILIO RODRIGUEZ

Honor School

HONOR SCHOOL ROSTER
WANDA TORRES, President
SABITA PERSAUD, Vice-President
DONN SIMON, Secretary
PAMELA PACHECO, Treasurer

SHAFIEKUL ALI
LOURDES BLANCO
KEVIN BOYCE
MELISSA CHILDS
SANDRA CLARKE
JULLET DAVIS
AUDREY DAWKINS
DEVON DeROUX
GINA FISHER
RORY FRANCIS
DEVON GEORGE
TRACEY GEORGE
TERESA HALSEY
CINDY JACOBS
NADINE JOHNSON
DWAYNE LONG
JULIET LYTTLE
ANNA MARCHIONNA
MICHELLE MARR
DELROY MILLERS
EARL MORRIS
PAMELA PACHECO
SABITA PERSAUD
CHERYL QUASHIE
JANICE SAUNDERS
DENVER SHAW
DONNA SIMON
GAIL TALLEY
LYNELLE TITUS
WANDA TORRES
MICHAEL VASQUEZ
RUPERT WALKER
LYNN WILSON

NEW INDUCTEES
KAYYUN AMIRUDDIN
SHALIZA AMIRUDDIN
ARLENE ANDERSON
ANN MARIE BOOTHE
REGINA BURGESS
ELIZABETH DUNCAN
DAVE JARVIS
SEAN LAWSON
RADU LILU
ANDROSKY LUGO
CHRISTINA PULLIAM
GERSON VARGAS

Dorothea L. Lombardo
Assistant Principal/Science
Director — Honor School

Arista

NADINE JOHNSON, PRESIDENT
RUPERT WALKER, VICE-PRESIDENT
SANDRA CLARKE
JULIET DAVIS
TRACEY GEORGE
TERESA HALSEY
NADINA JOHNSON
DELROY MILLERS
EARL MORRIS
SABITA PARSAUD
WANDA TORRES
RUPERT WALKER
Andrew Ravick, Coordinator

Student Union

STANDING:
KIRT GITTENS
GENE JOHNSON
DEVON DEROUX
DWIGHT ROSE
DELROY MILLERS
MR. BARRY BERK, ADVISOR
EARL MORRIS.
SITTING:
SOPHIA MORRIS
SANDRA McDANIEL
LYDIA CHUNG
EMILIO RODRIGUEZ
BRENDA SANTANA.

Project Continue

STANDING:
MONIQUE JOHNSON
PAMELA BANKS
THOMAS MONES
NAOMI BYRD
KEVON BREMMER
KEITH RANSEY.
SITTING:
JACQUELINE RUIZ
BRENDA SANTANA
CARLENE KEANE
SHERMA SHEPPARD

English

Ms. Alfasso, Ms. Broadhurst, Mr. Blitz, Mr. Califano, Ms. Cendali, Mr. Chattman, Ms. Daniels, Ms. DiLorenzo, Mr. DiStefano, Mr. Glianna, Ms. Green, Mr. Harvey, Ms. Kallman, Ms. Kaplan, Mr. Kirschenbaum, Ms. Kissack, Mr. Lemmo, Ms. Lobel, Mr. McDonough, Mr. Newlander, Ms. Padol, Ms. Resnick, Ms. M. Resnick, Mr. Russell, Mr. Sachar, Mr. Stram, Mr. Becker, Assistant Principal, Supervision.

Teach me . . . how to think and speak.
Comedy of Errors Act III Sc. 2

We, The Family

Through the years, from the beginning of time, men have discovered the art of sharing, loving and compromising.

The sharing of such things as knowledge, love and happiness says more than words can about the brotherhood and unity that surrounds and binds us together.

We have come to realize that the world is just one large undivided home where we all strive for one goal — happiness.

Some of us are takers, some are givers, there's the good and bad in everyone but we must learn to help each other for together we can conquer almost anything.

Maybe we have different colors of skin but underneath the physical look, a heart beats in everyone of us. A warm, loving, caring heart is all we need to have in common to know we are brothers and sisters — to know we are family.

People use different languages to communicate but there is one language that everyone everywhere understands — the universal language of love.

God loves us all even though we worship him under different religions and we are all equally important in this family.

We operate like a team of football players striving for a goal. Every player has his/her own goal in the game. Some players may not have use for other players but the team needs the cooperation of everyone to win. The main goal is that everyone works toward winning. The quarterback is probably the most important person in the game, but he alone can do nothing.

Our contribution to the world may seem worthless, but it isn't. Everything we do creates results if we try hard enough. Sometimes, what we say accidentally might give someone a whole new view on life and some careless action might give some one a whole new reason for living.

Our goal can only be achieved if all of us are prepared to try our best and reach for the stars for, who knows, we may obtain the moon. We have to allow trust, faith, love and God to guide us in our different patterns of life through which we hope to find peace, joy, happiness and fulfillment.

Arlene Ramsundar

Yearbook Staff

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THE BRIDGE

Evander Childs H.S.
Bronx, New York

Our thanks to Ms. Kissack and the Creative Writing Classes.

ADRIANNE GRANT

Real

Who are you to say
blue skies are better than grey?

What are you insane —
telling me sunshine is
better than rain,
pleasure better than pain

What do you know —
you ain't me
Your eyes are open
but you still can't see

So go away —
cause your pretty ain't real
Real is what me
and a bunch of us feel —
REAL HURTS

Monique Johnson

Invisible Tears

Invisible tears are the smiles
on my face
The pains in my heart
which are easy to trace.

Invisible tears are the poems
that I write
The scribblings and dabblings
kept neatly out of sight

Invisible tears will stop
being shed
When I'm found in a corner
alone and dead

Sebastian

ADRIANNE GRANT

Yearning For Love

Love is the place
I would like to be
To fly like a bird
So wild and free

Lie on the grass
Like a child and play
Maybe I'll find
This place someday

If I were in love
How would it be?
Maybe someday
I'll find love — and see

Lourdes Blanco

Runaway

Every time she talked to you
You didn't understand
Every time she asked for help
You didn't lend a hand
Everytime she said "I love you"
You said "Just stay away"
Now you wonder why she's gone
Why she ran away

Ana Parada

EDWIN VALENTINE

Usin'

my works are clogged
can't get a hit
wanna keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

my anus is locked
can't take a shit
gotta keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

stole my ma's t.v.
pop's new watch
to keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

no place left to shoot
had to take it in my crotch
gotta keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

felt a little sick
took Granny's welfare check
to keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

Had to get some smack
so what the heck
gotta keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

now the monkey's on my back
I really need a fix
gotta keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

Stand on the corner
turn a few tricks
to keep on usin'
just keep on usin'

believe it or not I'm someone you've seen
on a bus, on a train, in an alley on a plane
at White Castle's, Mickey Dee's
even Tavern on the Green

Adrianne Grant

today I might be your ma
tomorrow maybe your brother
you'll like me or love me
one or the other

so who's the accused?
and who you accusin'
I'll still be right here — usin'
just keep on usin'

Monique Johnson

OPAL SENIOR

Life

You never know how good you have it
Until that good is gone.
To be able to watch the sun go down
Or see the break of dawn.

To be able to go to parties
Or invite over a friend
Those are the goodtimes
You think will never end.

But sometimes something happens
That just gets in the way
Though you may not like it
You don't have any say

Just remember when you're feeling down
And your world seems to come apart
Life is the most important thing
Treasure it with all your heart.

THE MAN IN THE ROOM

The man is sitting in the room,
Surrounded in darkness and in gloom,
He is sitting near a red button, that if pressed,
Would lay all of mankind's lives to rest.
The man is grinning, wicked and wild,
Knowing he has humanity in his grasp is why
he smiles.
The man in the room knows,
What happens to those who trespass.
He will wreak vengence upon the mass.
The man in the room is a lunatic,
A psycho, a crazy,
He oils the jaws of the war machine,
And feeds it with our babies.
The man in the room is pure hate and doom,
He is the one who destroys all within the
womb.
The man in the room, dares us to open his door,
The man, we see, is everything involved in a war
. . . *THE END.*

Jose Acevedo

EDWIN VALENTINE

DOMINIC VIENTOS

Mother Says . . .

My mother says
"How can you be in love,
you're so young"
But I ask
"Is there an age for love?"

There is parent-love, self-love
And intimate love
How can she tell me
I'm not in love?

My mother says
"How can you have problems
when you're so young"
But I ask
"Is there an age for problems?"

My mother says
"I have to pay the bills, feed you
and keep clothes on your back.
So believe me dear, you don't have
any problems."

But I say
"I have school, work, friend and
love problems.

So how can she tell me
I don't have problems?"

My mother says
"You're so young
You don't know what
real feelings are."

But I say
I'm a young person striving to live
So I do have real feelings,
and know about them too.

Kassandra Davis

Washing

When I was a child, I was in doubt
What was all this washing about?
Every day, week in week out?
From getting up till going to bed
I was tired of hearing
The same thing said

Whether I'm dirty or whether I'm not
Whether the water is cold or hot
Whether I like it or whether I don't
Whether I will or whether I won't
"Have you washed your hands and face?"
I seemed to live in the washing place

Whenever I take my bike for a ride
As soon as I stick my head inside
There's someone there with water and soap
I can't get away, there's just no hope

Before a meal is even begun
And after every meal is done
It's time to turn on the water spout
Someone tell me what's all this washing about?

Charles Blades

DOMINIC VIENTOS

Alone

On the beach at night
Is where I like to be
Alone with my thoughts
And no one else but me

As I sit here and think
Of goodtimes that we shared
How I could have sworn
That you really cared

There was so much laughter
And so many tears
Now it's hard to believe
It's only been two years

But now that it's over
The Lord has given me his hand
And soon, very soon
I'll be in his silent land

Graca Ferreira

The Past and the Future

I am tomorrow
The dreams of today.
I am the future,
I'll find the way

You are yesterday
Gone like our fun
You are the memories
Fading one by one

Today when I saw you
I remembered our past
We shared something special
It just didn't last

I can't stay any longer
I have to move on
To look for my future
Because yesterday's gone.

What Is Love?

Tell me, what is love?
You say that you love someone
Yet do you really know
The meaning of love.

What is love?
Sharing and caring,
Walking and holding hands,
Spending time together?

Tell me, what is love?
Where did it come from?
How do you know
When you love someone?

You say that you fell in love,
But you can't fall into an emotion
Like you fall into a hole
So how does it happen?

So still I ask
What is love?
Tell me,
What is love?

Kimberly Miller

WHEN

When will the hatred and malice cease?
The time is now to do our Godly deeds,
To love, share and have charity.

When are we going to realize,
That we are one in our Creator's eye?
We ought not to fight for a freedom that was given to us all.

When will we see that we are all created to be compassionate,

kind, caring to one another?
When will the desire to do evil to each other Stop?

When will we have the fervor to help our Brothers along the way?

When are we going to stand uniformly and fight this disease called Prejudice?

There is one thing I do know and that's the cure for this sickness: "LOVE."

Arlene Anderson

Finding Lost Romance

There are no crystal raindrops in my life,
The emerald moon has faded
The golden sun shall shine no more
And I feel degraded

No perfect tens for me
Not even a three
So hard — I just can't face it
I lost my chance
At romance
I hope I can replace it

Now I'm no stud
Or stick in the mud
I've got a sense of pride
I've got to be smart
Get a better start
Put on wings of love and glide

My peace flows like a river
I shall never quiver
So babe won't you hold my hand?
Even though I'm small
I'm hard to fall
Cause my love is as countless as the sand.

I used to be poor, I cry no more
I feast on honey and milk
Tho' my body may be tattered, and scars scattered

My soul is softer than silk

Now the raindrops are crystal and shining

And the moon is as emerald as can be

The golden sun shall shine forever

Over my life, the vast sapphire sea

Dave Jarvis

Todays World

I live in a world of pain and sorrow,
A world where I never know if there will be a tomorrow.

I live in a world that just doesn't care,
The rich get richer,
And the poor are starving in despair.

I live in a world that is full of crap,
It seems that whenever help is needed
The law is taking a nap —
Setting criminals free,
Against victims plea.

This world we live in is so tangled and tough,
Giving complaints is just not enough.

The time will come when we'll have to face
The possible end of the human race.

Lourdes Blanco

DOMINIC VIENTOS

ADRIANNE GRANT

ADRIANNE GRANT

The Fall

Fall is coming — has it come?
The leaves are falling slowly
Some are still on the trees
With rainbow colors

Fall is coming — has it come?
The streets are full of leaves
The wind plays with them
Flying from one corner to another

Fall is coming — has it come?
Rain, wind and dead leaves
Together these are the fall
Fall has come

Anne Awadalleh

The Silent Shame

When I think of children used
And sexually abused by adults,
A silent shame grips me,
That tightens and holds me paralyzed —
A *prisoner in a world insane*

When I think of children alone
And caught in a tangled web of fear
Pain consumes my soul
A deep, agonizing pain
That grows with every victim trapped.

What can I say of a world
Where adults think nothing
Of ruining a child's dream and hopes?
Who can a child trust
In a world so full of hatred and lust?

Arlene Ramsundar

Fear of the Computer

Wherever I go
What do I see?
Nothing but Computers
Staring at me.

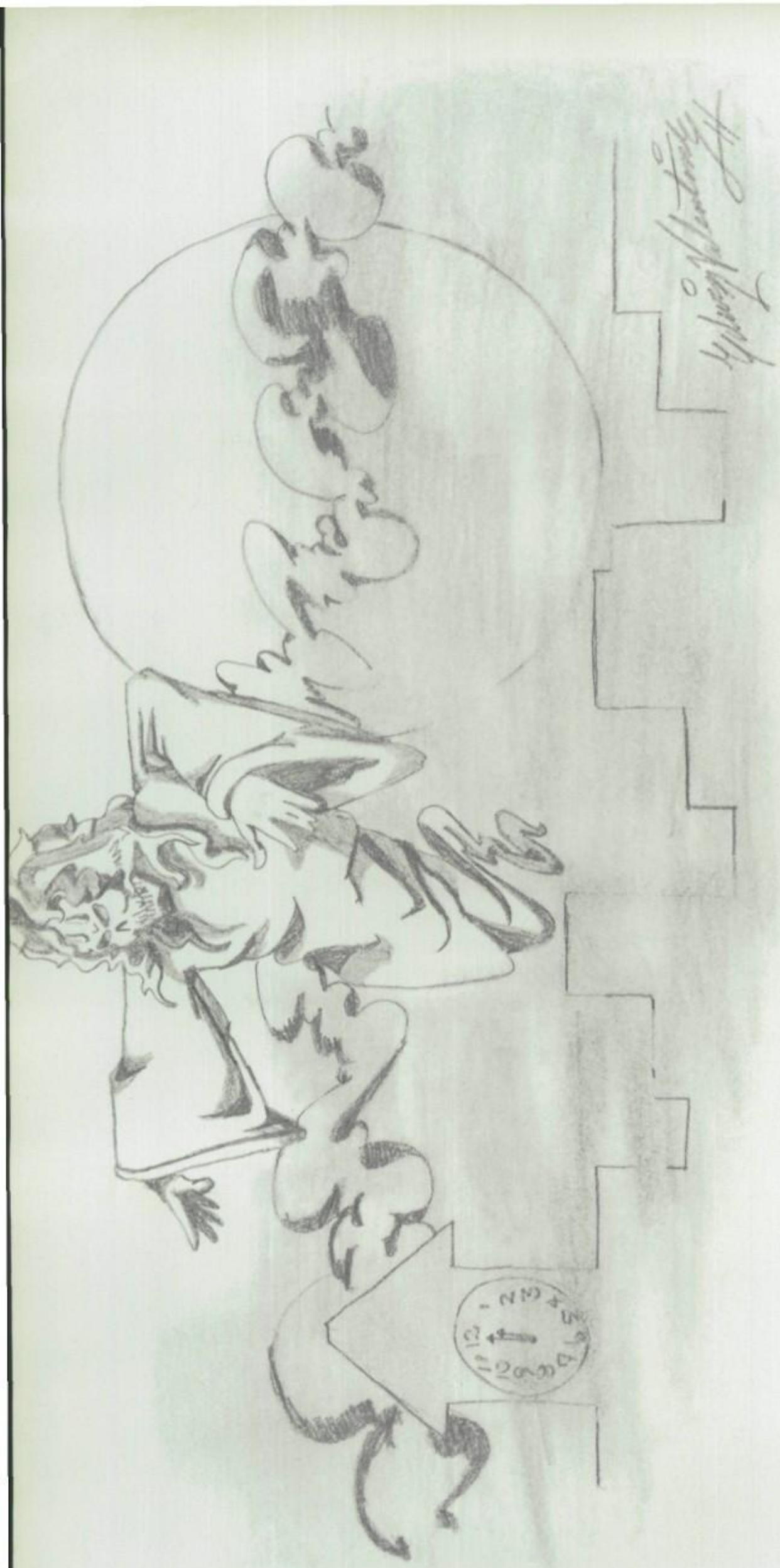
I go to work
And what do you know?
Hundreds of computers
On the go.

What do I know
About these creatures?
They sure look scarey
With all those features.

My boss tells me
To go to school
To learn about
The computer rule

"Better go run
And get a taste
Or the computer just might
Take your place."

Dave Roper



A PRAYER FOR THE NUCLEAR AGE

O, in the wasteland that is tomorrow,
    it is there that i see such sorrow . . .
There our hopes and dreams do wither,
    making all we see mean and bitter . . .
but the night is not yet through,
    The dawn may yet shine bright and new . . .
and if the new dawn comes as i pray,
    Let us hope it lasts for many a day . . .
and in those days let Peace reign,
    Whereas before only war sustained . . .

O what will happen to the human race?
Let us all pray against the hopeless waste.

Michael Vasquez

ADRIANNE GRANT

Searching

I was born in England, a country of royalty,
with its green leaves, rain and fancy talk.
Life there was o.k, but it's not what my parents wanted.
I was raised there until I could walk.

I then went to an island, where the sun always shines.
Jamaica it was — life was a gamble.
We gambled on this, and we gambled on that.
We gambled to live and hoped to survive.

I went to school, with books in a bag
Barefooted, but with clothes on my back.
My parents worked and worked, just to go on.
Life was rough — oh yes it was.

Then I came to America — with its freedom and offers.
With its "liberal" president,
Who really listens to the masses — it's all just the same,
Life here ain't no different.

I'm looking for a life, that's easy and nice.
No crime, no taxes, no high food prices.
I'm looking for a life that's full of joy.
That's my kind of life — where can it be?

Audrey Dawkins

Tender Lies

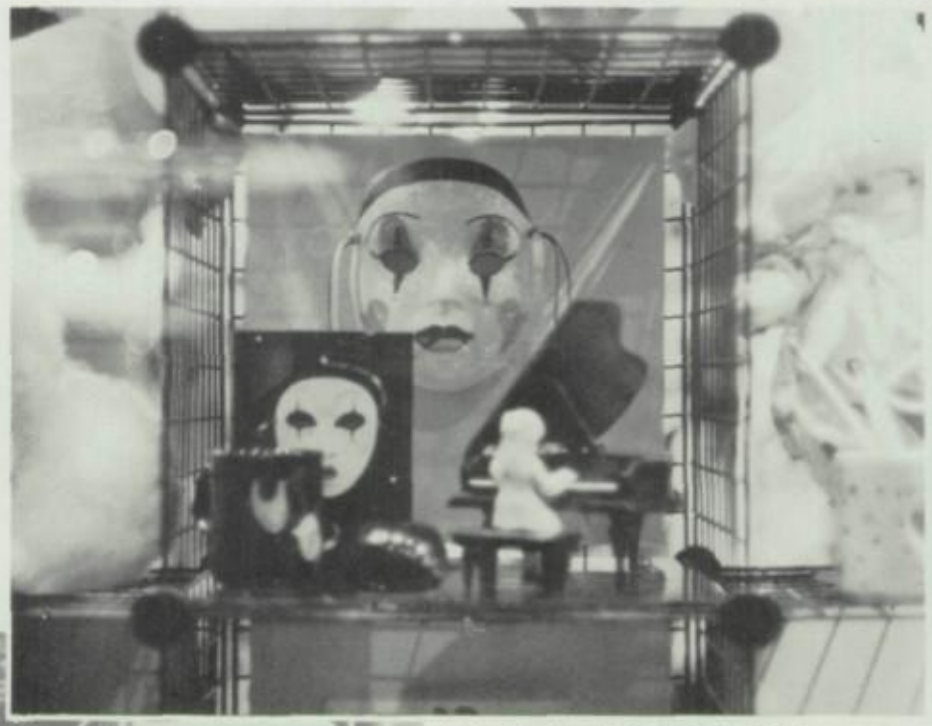
Her love is only
her hatred masked
Under tender smiles
she hides treacherous claws
Beneath her sweet singing lies
the ugly note of death

She baits the trap
She lures you in

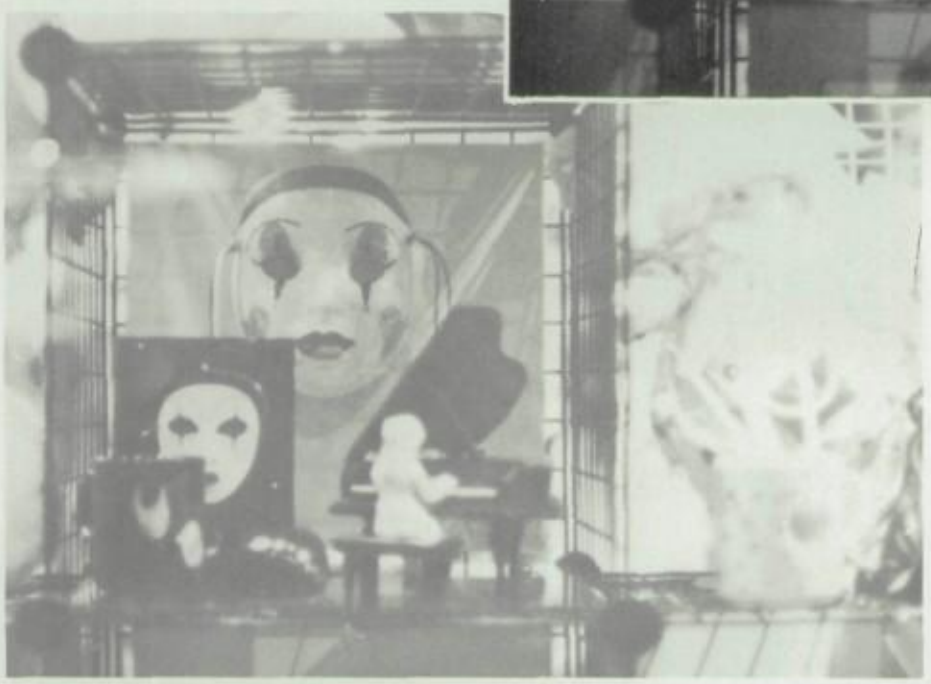
She closes in for the kill
and leaves you only half-dead
Where the wind stings your cheek
and the sharp stones
tear your flesh
Her illusions delight your
eyes
while her sharp
thorns pierce your
heart

Yet you never even
notice it
As you sing her
bittersweet song
Along with her

Leslie Ann Pinilla



ADRIANNE GRANT



Prejudice

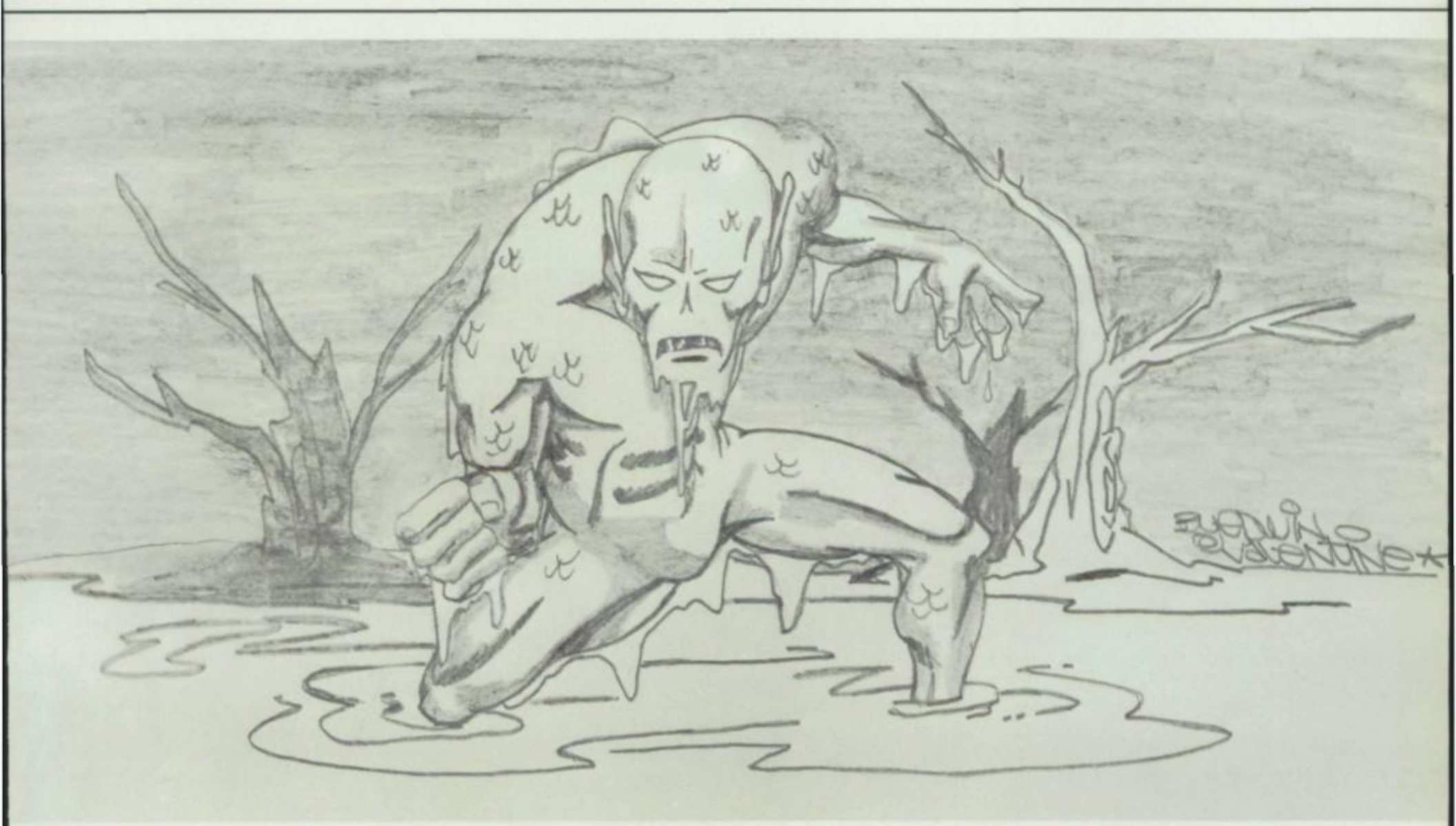
When is it going to stop?
I've been living it too long
I have come to realize
This isn't where I belong

When is it going to stop?
I always hide my tears
I close my eyes and pray
For God to end my fears

When is it going to stop?
I'm ashamed to show my face.
Why can't they all just see
The beauty of my race?

When is it going to stop?
I have no where to go
No where that I can hide
No one I even know

Charlene Willie



EDWIN VALENTINE

Angel's in Hell

She was battered, she was bruised
She was thoroughly abused
Jenny lived for two short years
Too hurt to dry her daily tears

No one answered Jenny's yell
They only sent her back to hell
No one stole Jenny away
From beatings she got every day.

"My angel's gone!" they all would cry
Your "angel" didn't have to die
You should have answered Jenny's yell
And rescued angel from her hell

Why must we wait until they die
Before we listen to their cry?
Why must we wait until they're gone
Before we learn that something's wrong?

Winnie Hudson

ADRIANNE GRANT

The Ultimate Game

What have I done to deserve
Such a destiny, such a fate?
Why was I placed on this accused planet
Which I so deeply hate?

Men were created,
Only to be put to shame
We are but pawns —
And Life — the ultimate game.

A game that the All-Mighty
And Satan both play
A game that shall soon emerge upon an end
And which we shall pay

Kevin Boyce

SEARCHING

Searching Searching
Always searching
Till the day I find the end of this torment
What will I find?
Searching, searching
Always searching
Will I ever find the love and happiness I need
Will I ever find what I really want
Did I have it all the time
I really don't know but I'll keep searching,
searching
Until that day
Then my torment will be over and my search will
be too
But till then I keep on
Searching, searching, searching

Barbara Scully

ADRIANNE GRANT

"Migration: An Experience That Changed My Life"

An experience that changed my life occurred last year, when I migrated to the United States from Jamaica. I was born in Jamaica and lived there for fourteen years. I got accustomed to the culture and climate of my native homeland. I never dreamed that one day I would be among the fifteen thousand immigrants from Jamaica that come each year to the United States. I had to leave in order to further my education since my ambition is to become a doctor. The U.S. has a very good educational system and I am glad I came here to complete my studies.

This migration changed my life in many ways. I had to be more responsible, learn to live without my parents and adjust to the culture and climate here.

Living without my parents was a new experience. It was only then that I realized the true love I had for them. They were unable to come with my sisters, brother and me because they had many business transactions to take care of. During their absence we had to live with our grandparents and I had several responsibilities. I had to make sure my twelve year old brother dressed properly for school, did his homework and behaved himself. Even though I am the third of four children, I am a very independent person. I am accustomed to looking after myself without much help.

Staying with our grandparents was a problem because of our beliefs. We believed that we could go to the movies or a party whenever we wanted, but they didn't agree . . . We felt like we were hostages, but we got used to it after a few months. I am still living with them now. They're okay. They are beginning to understand our differences in age, surroundings and way of life.

Another traumatic experience was adjusting to the cultures and climate of this country. We do not have snow or winter in Jamaica and this was a big leap for me. The climate there varies from sixty-five to ninety-five degrees. It was very exciting to see the snow and be able to touch it. I had watched and read about the snow, but never knew that one day I would be able to walk on it. Seeing those tiny, little flakes falling from the sky made me realize how great God is. It's one world with so many different climates.

The culture here is also different. If you are invited to a party or any function, it is a custom in Jamaica to be half an hour late. But here six o'clock means six o'clock, no earlier, no later. The food is different in some ways, especially the way it is prepared. A meal in Jamaica usually consists of rice, a meat dish and ground provisions (that is, yams, bananas, potatoes, pumpkins etc.). West Indians are also used to spices which give the food a good taste and great aroma. Rare meat is considered to be done by a "bad" cook, and in most cases, thrown away. I was very disappointed when I had dinner at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington D.C. because the food tasted so disgusting to me. I'll never eat out again.

These experiences are all important to me because they forced me to think and act in a more mature way. I had to make decisions that my parents usually made, therefore, I had to think like an adult. I also learned more about other people and how to respect their feelings. All these past experiences have taught me a lot.

I believe that whether good or bad, we learn from our experiences. I would describe this experience as a difficult, but good one. The United States is a land of great opportunities.

I am sorry I left Jamaica becase the warm hospitality and friendship I felt in my heart around my fellow Jamaicans and people in general are not there anymore. In America, people keep to themselves. Even though it is called the United States of America there is no "unity" among the people of this nation. The states are united, yes, but not the civilized man.

Michelle Finlay

FRANKIE LOPEZ

This Tree

I used to love to climb this tree
But every time I'd climb this tree
I'd bang my head or scrape my knee

And every time I'd climb this tree
I'd squash a bug or swat a bee
And get some leaves all over me

And every time I'd climb this tree
"Where have you been?"
They'd say to me.

They didn't know
That I was free
Every time I'd climb this tree

Charles Blades

Jamaican Ghetto

In the ghetto where I was born and grew
Sufferation was all I knew
Garbage on the street
Can't get nothing to eat
Nor find no where to sleep

Unemployment rate is so high
Everyday women cry and men die
Not even rain fall from the sky

Youth can't even find a job
All they do is rape and rob
Men getting shot and men getting stabbed
Jesus Christ, these things make me sad

Fatherless children walk the street
In torn clothes and bare feet

Winston Gordon

ADRIANNE GRANT

The Door

I'm closed in
Can't move,
No where to go.
I feel the door
Closing in on me
The door won't stop
Until I'm crushed
Squashed up
And my brains fly on the floor
And my guts spurt out of me.

The door has no mercy
It doesn't understand me
Or what I want to be

I feel the door against me
Weighing me down
Giving me no hope
No strength
When I move forward
It pushes me back again
It makes me weak
And helpless
It drains all the energy
That's within me

But one day I'll defeat it
And go in and out
As I please

Louan Guialdo

ADRIANNE GRANT

MOTHERS

Mothers come
Mothers go
But there's one mother
Who's always there
She brings in the wind
and brings in the storm
She makes the trees grow
and waters our lawns
She can't be seen
but we know she's there
In our hearts
and every where
If you don't know who I mean
You better beware
For Mother Nature is everywhere

Barbara Scully

Love

On a warm summer night
In the middle of July
I met a fine boy
A very handsome guy

I fell in love so quickly
But I knew he didn't care
He never said he loved me
Which I thought was unfair.

I wanted him to love me
I wanted him to care
But still he didn't realize
That true love was waiting there.

It's such a shame
We broke apart
I stand alone
He broke my heart

Bernice Cramer

ADRIANNE GRANT

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE HE'S DEAD, ASK HIM

Carol. Carol. You don't hear me calling you?"
"No ma."
"No ma, what you doing?"
"Nothing."
"What you mean nothing?"
"I'm not doing anything mother. I was just looking through the window."
"Carol, it's been about seven months now. Do you want to go back?"
"No, not really. I wanna go back but only if you and the rest of the family going back with me."
"I'm going in the kitchen. Try and make yourself useful. Come wash the dishes."
"Okay."
When I came to New York or when I landed on Kennedy airport, I thought everything was going to be fine. I was away from my ignorant father, witch for a stepmother and monsters for stepbrothers and sisters. The only thing I missed was Jamaica and my friends. Not the people I live with there. As my uncle drove away from the airport, I closed my eyes and relaxed. I couldn't wait to see my family.
"Uncle David is this it?"
"Yeap."
"This place looks worse than the ghetto home."
"Oh Carol, it's not that bad."
"Oh yes it is look! They got some a de wierdest people around here."
"Be thankful you're here. Your mother worked hard to save up enough money to bring you here and at the same time keep a roof over the family here and still keep their stomachs full. Be thankful child, be thankful!"
Uncle David was right. I had no right criticizing the area in which my family lived but I couldn't help it. It wasn't accustomed to seeing litter in streets and people loitering. Jamaica was an island which had clean streets and compared to New York, clean ghettos. Anyone found loitering in the street was fined from one-hundred and fifty dollars and up. The natives in Jamaica took pride in keeping clean. If someone was walking and saw a paper on the ground he wouldn't hesitate to pick it up. The natives didn't like to see where they lived polluted. New York made my stomach hurt. There were dog feces in the streets. Dirty child pampers made a display on the sidewalks. Beer cans and soda bottles decorated the streets. Loose garbage had flies swarm around it. The berth buildings were not boarded for some reason and the abandoned buildings were filled with alcoholics, winos and junkies. I had gotten to the point of wanting to throw up. The streets were filled with children playing all sorts of games. The neighborhood was noisy. The streets were dirty and smelly. The air was polluted. How could people live and survive in such a place. I walked along side by side with my uncle. I don't know if I was being scared or scornful. Girls stared at me as I walked pass them. They knew I was new in the neighborhood. They never saw my face in that area before.
The building my family lived in was said to be the cleanest building in the whole neighborhood. The super who kept our building was a very tall, thick, black and ugly man. He had a vey mean voice and fire red eyes. It was said that our super broke both of a boys hands for writing graffiti on the walls in the hallway. There was said to be another incident where the super had cracked a man's head with a baseball bat for urinating behind the radiator. Men and kids had a lot of respect for our super and our building.
I was living with my family but unhappy about where we had to live. The place terrified me. I would sometimes nag my mother and ask her why we had to live in this area and she would say that the rent anywhere else was higher and the rooms were smaller. Sometimes I would go to sleep and dream that someone murdered me in one of the abandoned buildings I had seen. I didn't go outside much and when I had dreams like that, I refused to go outside for days.

My favorite spot in the house besides my bed was the living room window. Sometimes I sat at the window for hours trying to figure out what my friends in Jamaica were doing. After a long time, I would give up and watch television. I was adjusting to New York and the area I lived in quicker than I thought. I started traveling with my brother Papa to different boroughs. When I traveled with Papa (which seemed to be about everyday), I met different people along with new relatives. New York started to seem like a nice place. Occasionally I would say "remember what my friends used to say."

One Friday afternoon in Jamaica we were all down by Kingston Bay and the argument came up again. I told my friends that the next week I was leaving for the States. New York to be exact. Everyone except No-co told me to have a nice time. Even though No-co and I argued very much, we were best friends. No-co started to walk away from all of us. I ran and caught up with her and that's when I understood why she felt the way she did about New York and people dying.

"Ay No-co, wha-appen man?"

"Nothing."

"-ow you mean nothing. You don't self wish me to ave a safe trip."

"People die for dumb reasons in that place Carol."

"Oh come no man? You too supersillious."

No-co's face turned toward me. There were tears in her eyes. Pain was in her facial expression. Seeing her this way shocked me. Slowly she started to talk to me.

"You know fe mi father dead?"

"Yeah."

"You know ow imdead?"

"Yeah. Tree years ago im get kill in New York."

"Tree years ago, mi father went to New York to make some money to send fe I. One night when im a come ome from work, im watch a man and de man shoot him down Carol! Just for looking at im."

I didn't know what to say. I had nothing to say and No-co walked away from me. We were still best friends and we wrote to each other often but hardly ever discussed New York.

One day when I was sitting in my usual spot in the living room writing a letter to No-co something happened that made me agree with her. My mother had called me and asked to go to the store. When I reached outside I saw my cousin Darrell and my brother Simeon. They asked me where I was going and when I told them they accompanied me there. There was a large crowd in front of the store. I heard people muttering to one another that a man was shot and killed. Still I couldn't see. Suddenly someone grabbed my arm. I started to run with Darrell. I didn't know why I was running but I ran because I was scared.

When we got inside the apartment, we made a very noisy entrance. My mother, Uncle David and his wife Aunt Doris, my four brothers and three cousins were all in the living room. Uncle David, my mother and two of my brothers were playing dominoes. Everyone else were dancing and playing records. Darrell had burst open the apartment door. Following him was Simeon and of course myself. What I had noticed inside I failed to notice outside. Darrell and Simeons eyes were red and swollen with tears. I started to sense that something terrible happened. I didn't know what was going on. Seeing the expressions on their faces, my mothers started to question.

"What happen to you all?"

"He's dead! He's dead!" blurted out Simeon.

"That's right Aunt Clara, he's dead! Somebody shoot him!" said Darrel backing up Simeon statement.

"Simeon, who's dead? Darrell, who got shot?" asked my mother. I saw her face get pale as Simeon gave the answer.

"Eural ma. Eural's dead."

"Are you crazy boy?" my uncle jumped up from the table knocking down the dominoes which made a loud crash as they fell to the floor. "What shit you talking? I saw Eural about three hours ago and now you talking some kiss-me-ass shit like a damn fool saying he's dead. Who . . ."

"Shit man." Simeon interrupted. "If you don't believe he's dead go ask him!"

I fainted. I don't know what happened after that and I don't care to know. When I came around, I was in my eldest brothers arms crying. The house was very quiet. Papa was the only person I would run to when everyone picked on me (meaning my brothers and cousins).

I remember when I was a little girl around four or five back in Jamaica, Papa used to wake me up early in the morning, give me a bath, feed me and take me down to the beach on his bike. We would usually stay all day before going home. When papa got a job he never neglected to show affection towards me so accustomed to him taking care of me, that instead of calling him Eural like everyone else I called him Papa.

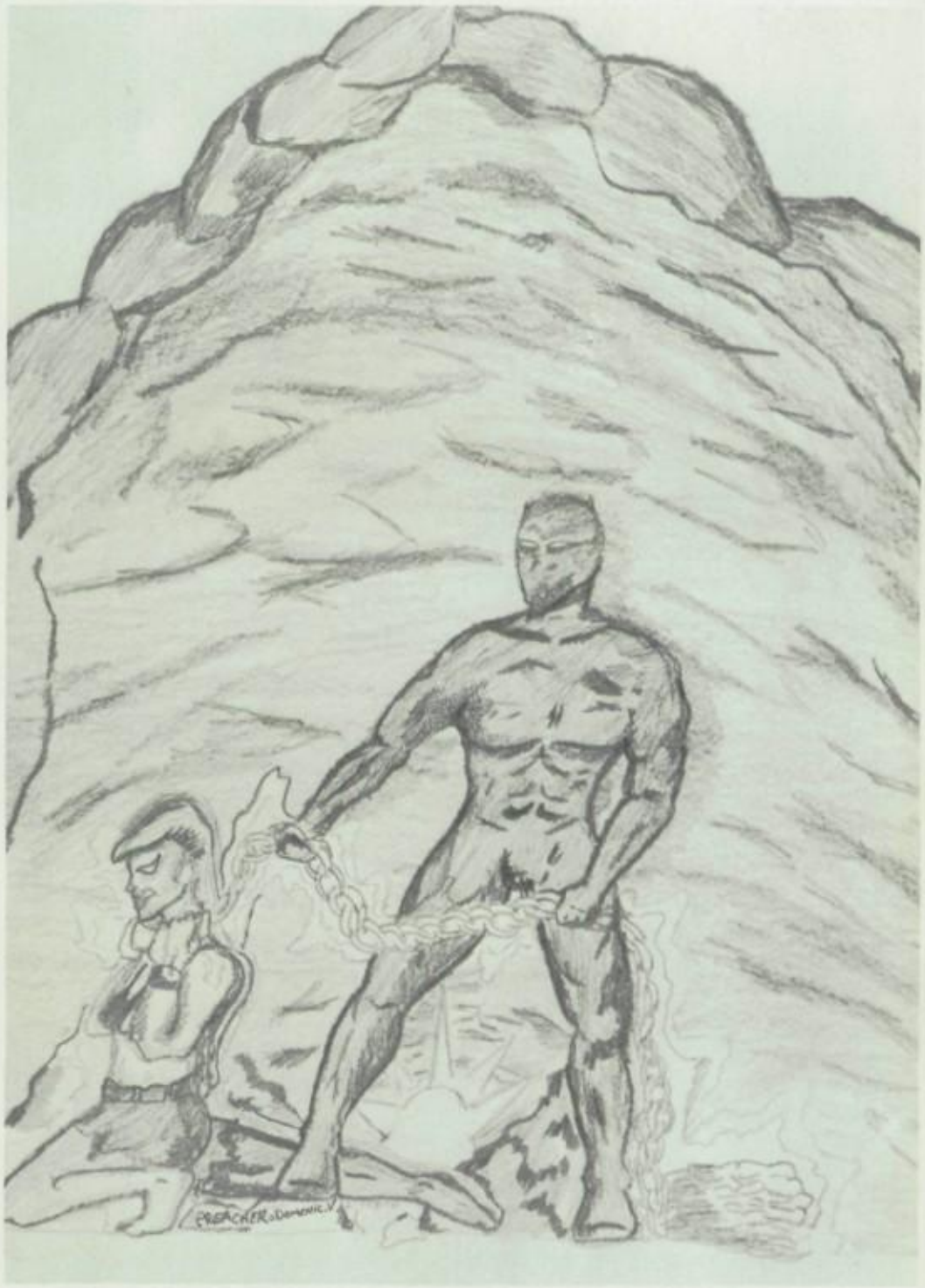
Papa never even let my mother Clara whip me. He used to tell her that he'll whip me but he never did. He would just talk to me and tell me that whatever I did was wrong and why it was wrong and that I musn't do it again. But he never whipped me. From eight thirty in the morning until five thirty in the afternoon I was bored and disgusted. Papa was at work and I was home but when I heard that bycicle crackling coming in the back yard, I dropped everything I was doing to give him my Carol welcome — lots of hugs and kissed and questions about his day.

All that was gone now. Papa wasn't in my corner anymore. There wasn't that special person to talk to anymore. Whether the conversations were dumb or intelligent, Papa always listened. Papa was the sort of person who hardly kept company and he would never steal. No matter what, Papa never stole. But he used to walk with a gun. He was in the marijuana business. He taught me how to fire a gun and told me that the only reason he kept a gun was because of the kind of business he was in. Papa was the nicest person I knew and was easy to get along with. And now he was gone like a flash.

Later that night two plain clothes detective and two uniformed policemen came to our apartment. They told my family that they had apprehended the man who murdered my brother. My mother with tears in her eyes asked one of the detectives if there was a motive in the killing. The detectives, a tall white man with dirty

blonde hair, tired eyes and a low cool voice. The very opposite of what you'd expect, held his head upright and answered "Yes." Looking down to the floor and then at my mother, the detective spoke.
"Miss Arche a guy by the name of Danny Rivera killed your son. He said he didn't like Eural."
"But why officer? My son minded his own business."
"Does this Danny character appear to be crazy officers." My uncle started to speak. My mother couldn't go on anymore. "I mean is he really sick?"
"Well, really Mr. Arche, I cannot say."
"Well um what can you say? Was he drunk? Do you know what happened?"
"Well, apparantly Danny was drinking with some friends. Witnesses said it was about four of them. Said that as Eural entered the block Danny and his friends kept provoking him. Calling him a black west Indian bastard and stuff like that. Anyway, they said Danny had spit on your son's shirt and he just looked at him smiled a little then walked away. And I guess that's not what Danny wanted so he shot him."
I couldn't stand it anymore. I left the room. I didn't want to listen to anymore. My mother was in agony even though she tried to cover it up. The feelings of fear I had when I first had entered the block returned. I sat on the bed trying to sort out my feelings. I wanted to cry. I was mad and confused. Everyone except me cried. I couldn't. Papa's teaching were stronger than I thought. Papa had taught me how not to cry.
"Never show your real emotions," he said. "If your balloon ave ole, tape it. And don't take off the tape or all the air'll come out and you'll be left with a deflated balloon."
No-co was right. Now I understood clearly how she felt because it happened to me. If only I could talk to her but I couldn't. She didn't have a phone. People do and will do in New York for dumb reasons. For looking at someone, from being of a different culture, refusing to fight. All very, very dumb reasons.
The house was quiet and for some reason the night is quiet just like the night Papa was shot. I guess everyone is asleep but I can't sleep. Tonight Papa doesn't tell me to sleep tight. What Simeon said that night before I fainted echoes in my ear. "Shit man, if you don't believe he's dead, go ask him."

Alice Charles



Frank Lopez

ADRIANNE GRANT

Samantha

It was no good. Her mind was too active to focus on the one thing. Samantha impatiently tossed aside the romance book she was trying to read and pushed down the "play" button of the tape recorder on the nightstand next to the bed.

Music filled the room and the slow melancholy strains matched her mood perfectly. She jumped off the bed and started to pace back and forth across the brown, depressing room.

She had been too much on edge lately, letting everyone get on her nerves. That would never do. She had to get a hold of herself, and she had to do it fast.

Memories of what life had been like for her only a year ago was tormenting, haunting her. How Samantha had loved life then, never wanting the day to end and always eager to welcome the next one.

While she had been living in Jamaica, her father had come to the states, remarried, and settled here. Samantha never had a chance to get to know her step-mother nor her two half-sisters who were born a little later. Her mother had died when Samantha was born and Samantha had been living with her grandmother who had taken care of her. But things in Jamaica had changed. Unfortunately for the worst, and she had to leave. So here she was, with these strange and hateful people — her family in the U.S.

Her life in Jamaica those last fifteen years seemed like a fantasy now. Every week there had been something to do, something to see and always somewhere exciting to go. Not like it was here. For Samantha, the life that once was full of love and friends had now gone sour. Now it was an empty, hollow thing.

How could the parents of a sixteen year-old girl understand her confusion and problems, especially when the "parents" consist of a father who hadn't seen her in 14 years and a stepmother who didn't want to see her? It was painful to adjust and she knew all about it.

Her parents were too stiff and conservative for her to be comfortable. Samantha could never remember a day in which she had behaved like a normal teenager around them. Her personality was locked up somewhere, never allowed to surface, and the pressure was having a tremendous effect on her. Daily she was being dragged into a whirlpool of insecurity and loneliness.

She pushed aside the curtains from the window and stared into the cold, dreary world outside. She was so scared, so alone, and so very, very confused.

Her parents were out for the day and her half sisters were out somewhere with their friends.

Samantha's friends were not up to her step-mother's standards, and her step-mother made it clear to them. Gradually one by one, they had deserted her, embarrassed by her family's attitude towards them. At school everyone stayed away from her and she had to accept the fact that once more her family had succeeded in making her life miserable.

Sometimes she even thought of killing herself but had dismissed the idea as being silly. She wouldn't do that, would she?

Samantha wearily turned away from the window and gazed into the mirror on the dresser. Why couldn't they see that she was an individual? How many times had she tried to bridge the gulf between her parents and herself, only to be met by a hard wall of stubborness and infuriating indifference? Ooh, why did fate have to be so cruel to her. If only Jamaica didn't have so many economic problems, then she wouldn't have had to leave her grandmother and she wouldn't be here.

Oh God, how was she ever going to make it here? The loneliness and depression was too much to bear. Samantha had no one to talk to, no one who would take her seriously. No god-damn person.

Yesterday she had an argument with her half-sister Sharon over

MIKE BROWN

some trivial nonsense and last night it was with her step-mother. That's how it had been every day before that. Why couldn't they leave her alone? Samantha was drowning in despair and depression, feeling so very lost and alone, but no one noticed. No one cared.

Life really wasn't worth living. The brush stroking down her long dark hair suddenly stopped as a brilliant idea dawned on her. Wouldn't it be better if she wasn't in anyone's way? She, Samantha, would never be insulted again and no one would abuse her, ever. All the depression, the pain, all the confusion would be over. That had to be the solution.

Samantha ran over to the tape recorder and turned up the volume to its highest pitch. Music blared loudly as she sped into the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

Her black eyes were dilated with pain and determination and she was breathing heavily as she grabbed a pair of her father's scissors from the bathroom cabinet. There was a split second of hesitation, then the twin points of the scissors pierced her heart. The scream that followed was drowned by the music and seconds later her body hit the floor with a silent thud.

The tape in the room came to an end and a hushed silence descended.

Arlene Ramsundar

The Dead Man Is Still Alive

Ah, the City. The wonderful City. Broadway, bright lights and crime. Yes crime.

There is one particular case I will never forget. Sit back and let me tell you about it.

It all started on a typical Monday Morning. I was sitting at my desk, admiring the view, when the phone rang. I picked it up and it was my old friend lieutenant Bilko.

Bilko and I knew each other for years. Bilko was on the New York City Police Force for about 15 years. Bilko and I both served our country, and were a part of a Special Attack Force in Vietnam. Bilko was a tall, light-skinned blackman, with a thick mustache and droopy eyes. His cheek bones were high and he had a small nose. His hair was in a short afro and he had a scar over his left eye. Bilko called me down to his office to help him on a case.

By the way, my name is Hammer. I am an investigator.

I arrived at his office at about 10:30 a.m. It was a small office with a small desk. Bilko had old Army pictures on the wall and family pictures on his desk.

"How's life treating you?" I asked.

"O.K., I guess. How you been?"

"Never better. What's up?"

"Come in and close the door and I will give you all the details."

I entered his office and sat down. He took out three files and gave me one to look at.

"Do you recognize the man in the photo?" Bilko asked.

I looked at the photo real good and I recognized him well.

"Why this is Snake. He was part of our Attack Force team in Vietnam."

"You're right Hammer. He was found dead with a bullet between his eyes. He wasn't the only one."

:"You mean — "

"Yes Cobra and Brutus were found the same way."

"But why?"

"I don't know Hammer. I was hoping you could look around and see what you can come up with."

"O.K. I will try my best. I will be in touch."

I took the 3 files from Bilko and returned to my office. I looked the files over and over. I noticed that the only thing the three had in common, was that they all served in Vietnam and were part of the Special Attack Force Team. I figured that someone was out for revenge. But to find out who, was my main interest.

The next day, I woke up bright and early and went down to the morgue to examine the bodies. When I arrived there, the attendant on duty had a walkman on and he was looking at a crazy magazine. He was about 19 years old. He had small eyes and a big nose. He also had a very bad case of acne. They say for every guy there's a girl waiting. But in this case I think there's animal somewhere waiting for him. I removed the walkman from his ears and asked him to show me the bodies.

"Bodies? What Bodies?"

"The bodies with a bullet between the eyes."

"Oh, those bodies. Well, they're not here. A man came in and he checked them out."

"Do you have a name for me?" I said angrily.

"Hold on man. Let me check the books."

The kid went to check the records and came back with a name.

"Here you go man. Mr. Chin. That's the man's name. Mr. Chin."

"What did he look like?" I asked

"Well I can't tell. He was wearing sunglasses and a three piece suit. Half his face was burned and he was walking with a cane."

"Anything else?"

"Look, Mr., I work here ten hours a day. I can't keep track of all the people who come in and out of here. I gave you all I know."

"O.K. kid. Thanks".

I left the morgue and went back to my office, to figure out who the hell was Mr. Chin.

I called Bilko and told him what I came up with. When Bilko heard the name, Mr. Chin, he started talking strangely on the phone.

"Bilko, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Mr. Chin? I know Mr. Chin."

"Well tell me about him."

"Well Hammer, in Vietnam I was captured and put in a dark and damp room. A few minutes later a man they called Mr. Chin walked in and started torturing me. He started whipping me on my bare back and chest. Then he took out his sword and was about to strike me. I turned my face and he cut me over my left eye. That's how I got my scar."

"I thought he died too. But apparently the Dead Man is Still Alive."

"Well if he is out for revenge, that means he is going after us next."

"That's right Hammer. I just hope — "

"Bilko are you there. Hello! Hello!"

"I knew what had happened to Bilko because I heard a gun shot. I was about to hang up the phone when I heard a voice . . ."

"Hello Hammer. That makes four down and one to go. If you want me meet me at 42nd street subway station. I'll be waiting."

The phone went dead. I knew I had to show up to put an end to this craziness once and for all.

I went inside my desk and loaded my 357 magnum. I knew that one day it would come in handy and this was the day.

I arrived at the 42nd street subway station at about 11 p.m. To my surprise there was no one there. The station was nice and cool. You could feel a nice summer breeze coming through the tunnel. The tracks were loaded with garbage and you could see rats, the size of alley cats, running back and forth.

Everything was silent for a while. I heard a noise. It sounded like someone

ADRIANNE
GRANT

The Dead Man Is Still Alive (cont'd)

walking with a cane. I turned around and there he was, Mr. Chin. He was still dressed in a black three piece suit and still wearing sunglasses.
He stood there for a while, then he raised his cane and shot me in the left shoulder. I was surprised to see that the cane was really a shot gun. After he shot me I jumped off the platform and into the tracks. I started running into the tunnel and Mr. Chin was right behind me.
"You're very good Mr. Hammer. I knew I saved the best for last." Mr. Chin said.
"It's not over yet, you still have to catch me. Remember?"
"Ah yes. I still have to catch you but soon it will be all over."
I stopped running and hid in the shadows. I looked back and saw Mr. Chin standing right in the middle of the tracks. I couldn't resist the urge to blow him away. I took out my gun and shot at him. I thought I had him because he went down.
I approached him slowly. When I got near him, he kicked the gun out of my hand and started using Kung Fu on me.
I was never good at hand to hand combat, so I knew I didn't have a chance. Mr. Chin knocked me down and stood over me. He looked me straight in the eyes and said:
Goodbye Mr. Hammer. My mission is completed.
He raised the cane and placed it between my eyes. We heard a train coming and I knew he was waiting for the train so when he pulled the trigger the shot would not be heard.
As the train approached, he looked at me and said:
"The is the end Hammer."
Just as he was about to pull the trigger, I raised my feet and kicked him in front of the coming train.
All I heard was screaming. Blood was squirting everywhere.
After the last car ran over him, I stood over him and said:
"You're right Mr. Chin, this is the End."
I walked out of the tunnel and called the police to tell them where they could pick up the body.
Well, after that experience I was never the same again. I think that this is one case that I'll remember for a long time. All my friends from the Attack Force were gone and I was the only left.
The phone is ringing and I'll bet it's another case for me. I've always wondered why New York is the city that never sleeps and I finally found out why'

Eddy Acosta

ADRIANNE GRANT

For Mommy's Sake

I closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep, knowing that my stepfather would be in soon. I wish mom hadn't married again. What would I do now?

"Tracey, are you sleeping?" he whispered. I didn't answer, thinking he would go away. I heard the door close and made a sigh of relief until I felt him touch me. I began to tremble as he slowly lifted my night gown and pulled down my underwear.

"Turn over," he whispered. I didn't move. He placed his hands on my shoulder and turned me towards him. I kept my eyes closed.

"I know you're not sleeping." He pulled down his pajama pants and got on top of me. My body shivered as he ran his hands over my body and began moving around on top of me. I tried to move but he was too heavy.

"If you tell anyone, you'll be sorry." With those words he got up, pulled up his pants and left. Tears began rolling down my cheeks. I cried myself to sleep.

The next morning when mom came to wake me up, she touched my shoulder and I jumped.

"I'm sorry I startled you. Were you having a bad dream?"

I wanted to tell her the truth but I nodded my head.

"If you hurry up, Bob could drive you to school," she said.

"No, I'd rather walk."

"It's cold outside," she persisted.

"I don't care. I like the cold."

"O.K., but hurry up or you'll be late."

"Mom."

"Yea."

I was about to tell her when he popped his head in saying he was ready for breakfast.

"Was there something you wanted," she asked.

"No it's nothing." I began wondering what happened if I told mom. As I dressed, I decided that the worst thing he could do was beat me up. So I decided to tell mom.

When I went downstairs he was still there so I decided to tell her when I got home from school.

"Sit down and I'll fix you some eggs," mom said.

"I'm not hungry. I'll just have some toast and juice." I ate quickly. I couldn't stand looking at him. Then I left the house.

"Hey Tracey, wait up."

I turned around to see that it was Lisa my best friend.

"Hurry up."

"I'm coming as fast as I can. I only have two legs you know."

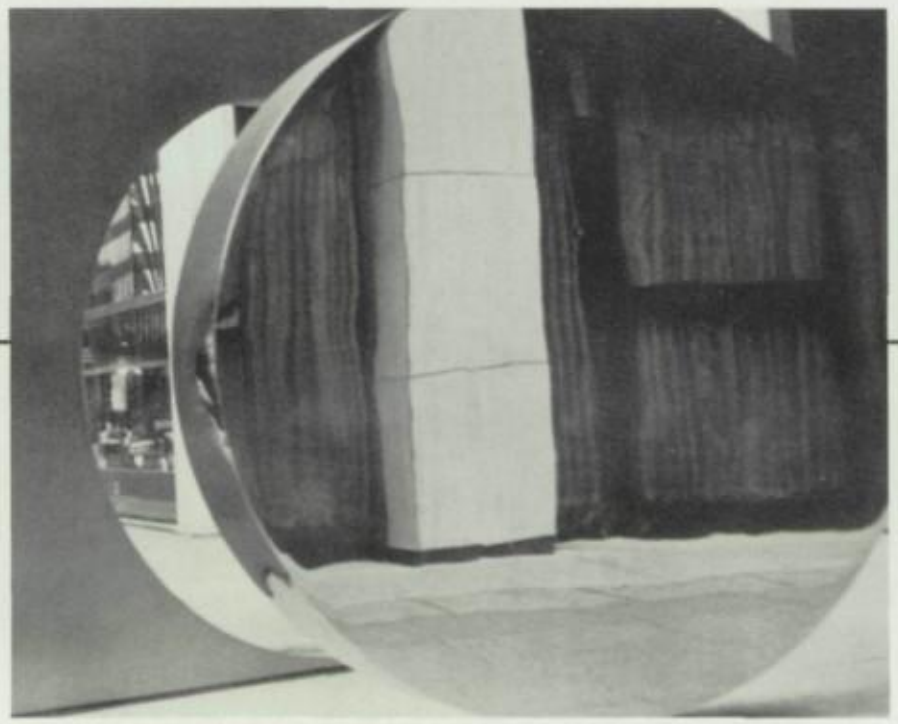
"What else is new?" I said sarcasticly.

"What's with you."

"Nothing." With that we started walking.

"What do you mean nothing? You've been acting strange lately."

"Now what's wrong?" she persisted.



ADRIANNE GRANT

"For Mommy's sake" (cont'd.)

"There's nothing wrong."

"Did you and your mother have another fight?"

"No, it's not that."

"Don't like your new daddy?"

"He's not my daddy," I yelled.

"What are you so uptight about?"

"Nothing," I said. I knew I couldn't keep anything from Lisa and she wouldn't leave me alone until I told her. "Promise not to tell?" I asked.

"I promise, she said.

"It's Bob."

"Your new daddy?"

"I told you he's not my daddy! Would you let me finish?"

"O.K."

"He sneaks into my room almost every night after mom's asleep and you know . . ."

"You mean," Lisa was so shocked, she stopped and put her hand over her mouth.

"Yup."

"Does your mom know?"

"No, I'm going to tell her today. You promised now, not a word to anyone."

"Do I look like a rat to you?"

"Yes, on second thought no.

I promise, my lips are sealed."

We hurried off to school, I thought about how I would tell mom. When the bell rang I rushed out of the class with Lisa close behind me. When I got home mom was cleaning the house.

"Mom, I have something to tell you."

"Yes."

"At night, after you go to bed, Bob comes into my room and touches me in private places and he get . . ."

"Tracey that's enough," she yelled.

"You're 12 years old — you know better than to tell lies."

"But mom, I'm not lying, he really does."

"Go straight to your room. I don't want to hear any more about this. You hear me."

"But mom, I'm telling the truth."

She walked over to me, grabbed my shoulders and shook me. Then slapped me across the face.

"It's all your fault," she screamed.

"If you ever tell anyone about this, I'll make sure you never talk again."

She pushed me to the floor. With tears running down my cheeks, I nodded. I got up and ran upstairs to my room. I asked God to forgive me for making mommy angry, so that she wouldn't hit me anymore. After daddy left she used to hit me a lot. She said it was my fault that he left. After she met Bob, she stopped beating me until now. To make mommy happy I knew now what I had to do.

Lynelle Titus

Betrayed

I touched your collarbone tenatively
tracing its delicacy.
I gazed into your eyes
knowing what they concealed
I let my love flow out to you
but . . .
you saw through
my glass heart
you saw what hurts me —
and you did.

Leslie Ann Pinilla

I'll Be There

Let me into your heart
I'll warm you with my love
and make you smile
I'll illuminate your world
with my laughter
I'll be the light in your eyes
and the fire in your loins
I'll always be behind your
mind's eye
my hair will tumble
over your shoulders
and into your life
Reach back into your soul
I'll always be there for you

Leslie Ann Pinilla

Death Of A Mortal

Life and death is expected
Just as seasons change
Death is a cycle of reality

Funeral displays are very sad
They are displeasurable for everyone
Mortal seperation is everlasting

When life stops
The clouds go on as before
In their own direction

Yvette Jones

FRANK LOPEZ

We can't complain
We're not out of work
We don't go hungry
We survive, somehow we make it
thru the day, another day comes
the white man's grass grows
the white man's national product
the past, but also the future

All I need is a chance,
A break thru . . . to show myself
what I'm capable of
but whitey is tough
won't give me a break

The rain becomes a storm now
I can't make it in a white man's
land. My fear . . .
Will I always be a slave
I have nothing to conceal
I have nothing to say
I can't complain
I have nothing, except my
pride — trapped
in a white man's land

Claudia Alvarez

Where?

Where do they go
after they've committed
the crime?
Where do they go after
they've done their time?
Do they go to heaven?
Do they go to hell?
Or may be they go deep
inside themselves.
Why is it that they do
these dirty deeds?
Is it because there is
some kind of need?
Or is it because of their
own selfishness and
greed?
Where, oh where do they
go once they're planted
the evil seed?

Zara Bakiriddin

FRANK LOPEZ

DOMINIC VIENTOS

ADRIANNE GRANT

LAST WILL & TESTAMENT

We, the students of Evander Childs High School, with sound minds and bodies do hereby bequeath to:

Mr. Califano	Scholards
Mr. Chattman	An Inspector Gadget Kit
Mr. Colman	One-colored ties
Mr. Cooper	A new stock broker
Mr. Elgarten	New jokes
Ms. Felder	Feeling nice
Mr. Flax	Keep them laughing
Mr. Fuchs	Flintstone records
Ms. Fuller	Merci bien
Ms. Gee	New dishes
Ms. Grigorian	A week-end in Rio
Ms. Green	A car
Mr. Groman	A megaphone
Mr. Harringston	A peanut farm in Georgia
Ms. Hicks	A flower
Mr. Hellman	A fit of rage or, a rit of fage
Mr. Jones	A job with WBLS
Mr. Kalman	A birth certificate with his true age
Mr. Kava	A magnum
Ms. Kissack	Roses — a dozen
Mr. Krinski	A full paid year in N.Y.
Mr. Lefkowitz	A raccoon family
Mr. Lemmo	Stay sweet
Ms. Lobel	Two boy friends at once
Mr. McDonough	Someone to appreciate his humor
Ms. Moss	A thermometer
Ms. Padol	My love, she taught me' how to talk good.
Mr. Riley	A warm-up suit
Mr. Seltzer	A strong flute section
Ms. Schuch	A new phonograph
Mr. Stern	A role in Jaws 111
Dr. Uzzo	You light up my life
Mr. Weintraub	6′ height
Security Guards	A free year at the health spa

Alwin Archa
Inelda Barbosa
Roslyn Barnett
Linda Beecher
Renee Brown
Alice Charles
Lissett Checo
Jeff Daley
Erica DeCastro
Boyd Farquharson
Henry Fitzroy
Henry Grant
Danea Greene
Yasmine Halton
Paul Henry
Mayhin JaiJaiRam
Darren Johnson
Shernice Jones
Wayne Munroe
Marie Mirabile
Anthony Mitchell
Darin Mobley
John Mourino
Malathy Narayanaswamy
Barbara Oates
Luz Ortiz
Preston Parsard
Maria F. Rosario
Stephanie Sears
Sonia Sepulveda
Andrea Spence
Vincent Suguilanda
Stephen Tuckett
Claude Turner
Sylvia Vazquez
Holly White
Denise Williams
Michael Wilson

1985 Seniors

Eddy Acosta
Baseball,
Outstanding
Achievement Award
Ambition: Design Video
Games

Valicia Adderly

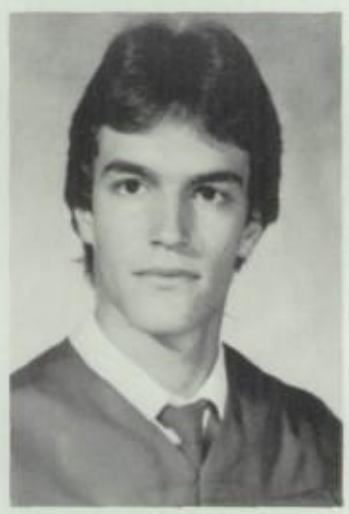
Marcella Alexander

Farida Ali

Shafiekul Ali
Honor School, Tennis,
Volleyball
Ambition: an Accountant

Linda Alicia
Typing
Ambition: Legal
Secretary

Pedro Alonso



George Alves
Swimming, Acting

Ethel Amador
Recordkeeping,
Math, Spanish, English
Ambition: Recordkeeper

Enid Amaro

Nadine Ameir
College Bound, English,
Volleyball
Ambition: The Business
World

Edgardo Andino
Basketball
Ambition: Success

Sylvia Ancrum
Ambition: Success

Anne Awadallah
Algebra, Interpersonal
Communication,
Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Computer
Programmer

Joanne Awadallah
Big "E" Club
Tennis Team,
Service
Ambition: Success in Life

Maria Baganha
Computer, Accounting
Ambition: Success

Wayne Bailey
Ambition: Computer Science

Genesia Baker
Honor School, Super Youth
Ambition: Nurse

Jacqueline Balbes

James Balfour

Sylvester Baptiste

Arlene Barnard
Academic Olympics, College Bound, Model Congress, Journalism Staff, Bowling and Tennis Teams
Ambition: Accountant

Mauline Barrett
Tennis, Volleyball, Reading, Dancing
Ambition: Computer Operator

Pamela Barton
Math, Social Studies, English, Academic Excellence
Ambition: Teacher or Social Worker

Ricardo Benjamin
Ambition: Electrical Engineer

Maxine Bent
Ambition: Accountant

Arthur Berry
Football, Drama, Computers
Ambition: System Analyst

Keith Berry
Basketball, Football, Swimming, Skiing
Ambition: Architecture

Kevin Berry
Basketball, Weight Lifting
Ambition: Success

Ian Blackstock
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Charles Blades
Football
Ambition: Excellence

Louis Zachary Blassingame
Basketball, Perfect Attendance

Sharon Bond
Volleyball, Music, Track Field, Spanish
Ambition: Surgical Nurse

Dionne Boothe

Sean Boothe

Maureen Boswell

Syollie Braham

Junior Bremmer

Kevon Bremmer
Project Continue, Italian, English, Track and Poetry
Ambition: Journalist

Lisa Brightman
College Bound, Track, Computers
Ambition: Psychologist

Beverley Broomfield
Weight Training, Dancing,
Ambition: Physical Education

Andrew Brown
College Bound, Computer, Math Award
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Craig Brown
Football, Basketball, Weight Lifting
Ambition: Engineer

Derrick Brown

Dionne Brown
Perfect Attendance, Recordkeeping
Ambition: Accountant

Lawrence Brown

Marlene Brown

Nicole Brown

Selina Brown
Concert Wind Ensemble
C.W.E., Scholarship, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Registered Nurse

Shaleen Brown
College Bound, Math Award, Accounting
Ambition: Mathematician

Rose Bryan
Ambition: Dental Nurse

Michelle Buchanan

Maxine Burke

Samuel Burney

Marie Burrus

Jeanel Bush

Janice Butler
Ambition: Newscaster and Disc Jockey

Rachel Butler
Typing Award
Ambition: Business School

Luz Cabrera
Ambition: Typist

Alfraiz Cajucom
College Bound
Ambition: Electro-Mechanical Engineering

Elizabeth Camacho
College Bound, Bowling Team, Italian Award
Ambition: Pediatrician

Carmen Canales

Ilka Canino
Ambition: R.N. or M.D.

Charles Carrington

Shannette Case
Ambition: Computer Technology

David Casey
Music, Baseball, Honor Roll, Attendance
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Leticia Cedeno
Acting, Singing, Tennis, Volleyball
Ambition: Pilot or Hotel Management

Francine Challenger
Typing, Attendance, Accounting
Ambition: Business Administration

Debra Champion
Big "E" Club Award, Class Rep.
Ambition: To Put God First and Achieve in Life

Yovana Chardon
Volleyball Team, Leadership, Honor School, College Bound
Ambition: Social Worker

Curtis Charles
Track, Government Award
Ambition: To Make My Mother Happy

Caleb Chever
Ambition: Computer Operator

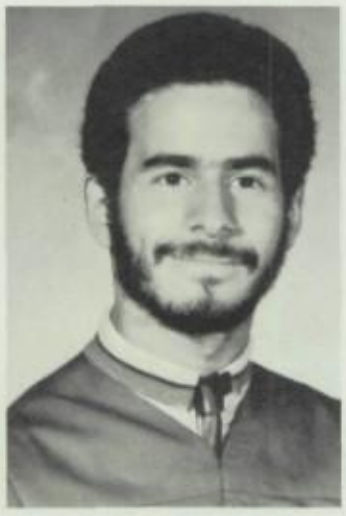
Winston Chin

Lagina Chism
Basketball Team, Student Council
Ambition: To become rich and famous in whatever I choose

Melissa Childs
Honor Schools, Concert Wind Ensemble, Awards in Music
Ambition: To Have a Successful and Memorable Life

Delroy Christian
Soccer, Tennis, Football
Ambition: Computer Science

Nelson Cintron



Hahley Chaiborne

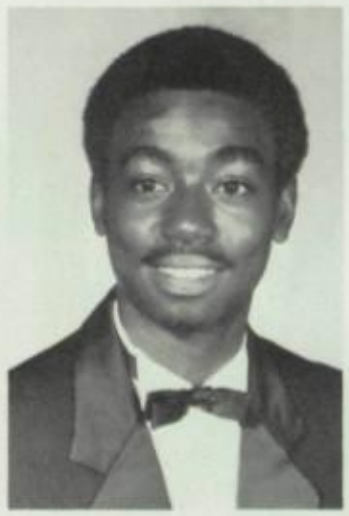
Dwayne Clair
Weight Training Award, Marine Physical Fitness Award, A.SO.SP. Award, Perfect Attendance Award
Ambition: Well known D.J. or Accountant

Carmen Colon
Service for the One and Only Mr. Welsh, Co-Op, Citizenship, Writing
Ambition: Veterinarian

Sonia Colon

Romona Chements

Karen Coombs
Ambition: Secretary



Donald Cooper

Paulina Cordona
Orchestra, Swimming
Ambition: Nurse

Victoria Cordona
Science, Typing, Computer, Language Award
Ambition: Doctor

Lizette Crespi

Donna Crummell
Music Major, A Cappella Singer
Ambition: Lawyer or Psychologist

Noemi Cruz
Swimming Team, A Cappella, Drama
Ambition: Psychologist

Susan Dacosta
Health Career
Ambition: Registered Nurse

Doris Dacquisto
Ambition: Airline Stewardess

Marceline Dal

Brenda Daley

Donavon Daley
Science, Mathematics, English, Computers
Ambition: Success

Jocelyn Daniels

Jennifer Davila
Health Careers, Community Health Program
Ambition: Medical Examiner

Davis Anthony
Award in Algebra
Ambition: Computer Engineer and Football Player

Jullet Davis
Honor School, Arista, 4 Awards U.S. Achievement Academy, Who's Who Among American H.S. Students
Ambition: Lawyer

Louis Dawkins

Odetta Dean

Evelyn DeJesus
Modern Dance, Certificate in Health Career, Community Health Participation Program
Ambition: Health Care or Journalism

Cindy de laTorre
Psychology, Spanish, Algebra, Science
Ambition: Lawyer

Devon DeRoux
Honor School, Soccer Team, Baseball Team, Senior Class President
Ambition: Electrical Engineer

Pamela Dixon
Cheerleader, Track Runner, Newspaper Staff, Orchestra
Ambition: To Be All I Can Be

Kenneth Danaidson
Ambition: Lawyer or Detective, Court Officer

Geraldo Droz
College Bound, Aspira, Career Day Guide, Award for Spanish
Ambition: Business Administrator

Michele Dubar

Jarruth Duncan

Elizabeth Duncan
Honor School, Peer Tutor, Award in English
Ambition: To Reach My Highest Goal

James Duncan
Vocational, Basketball, Football, Math
Ambition: Accountant

May Duncan
Perfect Attendance Award
Ambition: Secretary

Waple Duncan

Donald Dyson

Donna Edwards

Shirley Elder
Health Career Student, Science Award, English Award, Perfect Attendance Award

Thomas Evans
Data System, Spanish, English, Attendance
Ambition: Accountant

Tracy Evans

Roxanne Tracey

Boyd Farguharson

Eileen Farrar

Shane Faustin

Orville Fender
Gymnastic, Football, Leadership
Ambition: Real Estate Agent

Dean Fenton
English, College Bound
Ambition: Success

Jacqueline Fenton
Honor School Arista, Typing, Business Education, English
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Daphne Ferguson
Health Occupation
Ambition: Director of Nursing

Graca Ferreira
Aerobics, French
Ambition: Physical Therapist

Isabel Ferrer

Maureen Findlay
Ambition: System Analyst

Audrea Finlay
Computer Maths, Biology, Spanish, English
Ambition: Computer Technology

Gina Fisher
Honor School, Yearbook, Accounting, English
Ambition: Certified Public Accountant

Bernmanette Florez
Bowling Team, Computer Business, Spanish Major, Accounting Major
Ambition: Business World Success

Elizabeth Font
Tennis Award, Gymnastic Award, Perfect Attendance Award
Ambition: Accountant

Miguel Fontanez
Ambition: Computer Operator

Andrew Forrester
Ambition: Electrical Engineer or Computer Programmer

Imelda Fortuno
Ambition: Successful Business Woman

Lennox Francis
Social Studies 1, Typing, Math
Ambition: Architecture

Maxwell Francis

Rory Francis
Honor School, Modern Dance, Typing, Creative Writing
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Michelle Freeman
Basketball, Softball, Perfect Attendance Award
Ambition: Police Officer

Kim Freytes
Orchestra, Swimming Team
Ambition: Restauranteur

Marvlette Frith

Gizella Frost
Art Award, Typing, Speed Writing, Computers
Ambition: Data Entry Operator

Elisedia Galarza
Ambition: Police Officer

Rajmonie Ganesh

Louis Gatling
Football, Track, Little Theater, Math
Ambition: Certified Public Accountant

Cassius Gayle

Ruth Gayle

Llewellyn George
College Bound, Football Team, Biology
Ambition: Chemical Engineer

Tracey George
C.W.E. Member, Arista Member, Honor School
Ambition: Success

Bennette Gholston
Modern Dance, Little Theater, Service
Ambition: Obstetrician

To Bennette
yes! I know
how we feel.
and someday it
will be real

May
your life be filled with
love Gabe

Robin Gilchrist
College Bound, Health Career, English, Spanish
Ambition: Pediatrician

Kirt Gittens
Debating Team, Student Union, Journalism, Peer Leader
Ambition: Computer Analyst

Luanne Goddard
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Eusebio Gonzalez

Jose Gonzalez

Juana Gonzalez

Lynette Gordan
Girls Track Team Manager, Computer Literacy, Typing, English, Home Economics

Winston Gordan
Algebra 3, Geometry 1, English 1
Ambition: Mechanical Engineer

Gary Gourdine
Football, Basketball
Ambition: Success

Elizabeth Grace
Bookkeeping, Clerk Typist, Accounting, Recordkeeping
Ambition: Clerk Typist

Christine Graham
English, Modern Dance
Ambition: Successful Business Woman

Adrianne Grant
Capt. Bowling Team, Softball Team, Yearbook and Newspaper Staff, Band
Ambition: To Achieve the Ultimate

Camille Grant
Science, English, Recordkeeping

Jackie Grant
Co-op, Perfect Attendance, Typing, Art Award
Ambition: Cosmetologist

Rohan Green
College Bound, Math Award, Track and Field
Ambition: Mechanical Engineer

Cheryl Greenaway
College Bound, Business, Volleyball, Art
Ambition: To Explore the Business World

Nellie Griffith

Thomas Hagins

Trevor Hall
College Bound, Computer Programming Award
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Teresa Halsey
Honor School, Arista, A Cappella
Ambition: To Be Happy and Successful

Donald Hamilton
Perfect Attendance Award, Soccer, Science, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Accounting or Computering

Geen Hamilton
Volleyball, Math, English, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Dentist

Kevin Hanns
Ambition: To Be Rich and Famous

Romina Hanson
Hosa Treasurer, College Bound, Health Assistant, Volunteer
Ambition: Midwife

Renee Harden

Dena Harrigan

Andre Harris
Football Team, Weight Lifting, Basketball, Baseball
Ambition: Business Administrator

Daphine Harris
Dancing
Ambition: To Be Successful

Maxine Harris
Nursing, College Bound, Dancing, Volleyball, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Nurse

Donavan Headley

April Henderson
Volleyball, Attendance Awards
Ambition: Social Worker

Eric Hendricks
Basketball, Electronics, Bowling
Ambition: Electrician

Carol Henriques
Volleyball, Tennis, Math Award
Ambition: Gynecologist

Everald Henry
History, Art, Swimming, Chemistry
Ambition: Success

Maliya Henry
Little Theater, Fashion Show Director
Ambition: Fashion, Buyer

Marcia Henry

Sybil Henry
Algebra, Business Communication, American History, English
Ambition: Nurse

Helin Hibbert

Monique Hobert
Ambition: Data Entry Operator

Johnnetta Helman
Senior Rep., Service
Ambition: Successful Business Woman

Brenda Holmes
College Bound, Spanish, English
Ambition: Success

Cyril Hughes

Alexis Hyltor
Co-op, Accounting, Computer, Typing
Ambition: Lawyer

Diana Iglesias
Ambition: Successful Business Woman

Patricia Iglesias

Yvonne Ingram

Sarah Jackson
Reading, Dancing, Singing, Attendance
Ambition: Registered Nurse

Booker Jacobs
Attendance, Math, English
Ambition: Computer Technician

Durpattie Jaijairom
Spanish, Attendance, Big "E" Club
Ambition: Nurse

Paul Jaijairam
Mathematics, Science, Sports, College Bound Student
Ambition: Electrical Engineer

Maria James
Captain Tennis Team, Most Valuable Runner, Academic Olympics, Spark Program
Ambition: Lawyer

Melford James

Nedgra James
Ambition: Designer

Dinah Jefferson
College Bound, Modeling, Dance, Computer Literacy
Ambition: Success

Bernadette Jefferson

Dennis Johnson
Executive Internship, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Teacher

Jeffrey Johnson
Football, Track, College Bound
Ambition: Accountant

Nadine Johnson
Mathematics, Honor School, Arista President, Tennis Team
Ambition: Bio-Medical Engineer

Joan Johnston

Dionne Jones

To: Bernette
Good luck in the future and remember Valedictorian officer.
Love Denise

Keith Jones
Ambition: Accountant

Monique Jones
Cheerleader, College Bound, Class Representative
Ambition: Elementary Teacher

Samarra Jones
Health Careers Club, Certified Nursing Assistant Certificate, Co-op Program
Ambition: To Become the Best RN or Supervisor

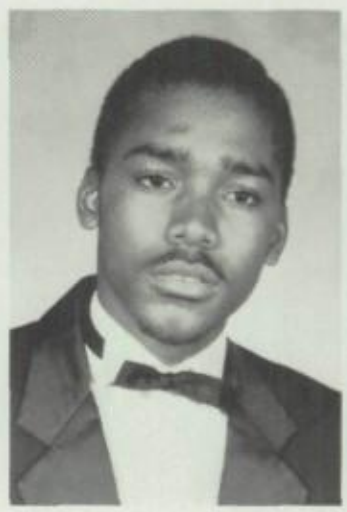
Sherniece Jones

Yvette Jones
Academic Excellence, Certificate of Merit, Perfect Attendance, Leadership and the Community
Ambition: Lawyer

Ursula Jordan
Computer Literacy, Music, Spanish, English
Ambition: Accountant

Carlene Keane
Dancing, Student Union, Pres. Hosa
Ambition: Medical Doctor

Vanessa Keaton
Ambition: Is to Be a Secretary



Fernando Kittrell
Mr. Kool Club, Academic Club, College Bound
Ambition: Hotel and Restaurant Management

Stacey Kornegay
A Cappella, Math, Big "E" Club
Ambition: Social Psychologist

Gerrard Lamonte-Stewart
Senior Rep
Ambition: Computer Technician, Ultimate Computer Wizard

Geraldo Landron
Ambition: President of Wild Style

Debrorah Larmond
Accounting, Bus Communications, Spanish, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Executive Director in Business

Oswald Larmond

Winston Lawrence
Typing, Running, Math Specialist, Biologist
Ambition: Judge

Donna Layne
Ambition: Computer Programmer and Accountant

Ronda Layne
Computers, Accounting, Bowling, Violin
Ambition: Data Entry, Accountant and Success in Life

Cleria LeBlanc

Catherine Lee

Judy Levy

Karen Lee

Gloria Lewis
Bowl, A Cappella, Attendance, College Bound
Ambition: Social Worker

Lewis Samuel
Physical Fitness, Social Studies, Math
Ambition: General Engineer

Radu Lilu
Swimming Team, Letter "E" in French, Honor School, Awards in Subject Classes
Ambition: My Own Electronic Company

Michelle Lindsey

Irma Lipscomb

Alex Vinicio Lizano
Soccer Team, Spanish
Ambition: Doctor

Dolores Lombardozzi

Dwayne Long
Honor School Member, CWE Member

Eileen Lopez
Ambition: Nurse

Maryann Lopez

Lizette Lopez

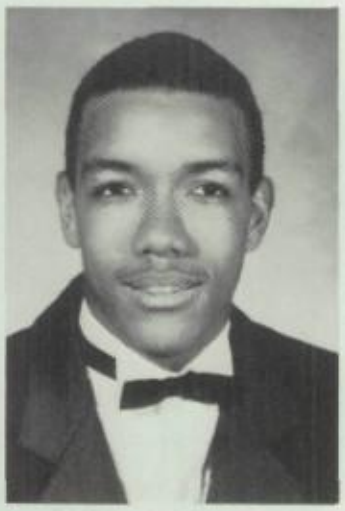
Michelle Louallen

Sandra Lyn

Rohan Lyon
Geometry, Chemistry
Ambition: Wealth

Lyttle, Juliet
Honor School, College Bound, Health Careers, Bridge to Medicine
Ambition: Pediatrician

Vivian Maglore
Ambition: Success in the Computer World



Arthur Malcolm

Anthony Maldonado
Ambition: Accountant

Evelyn Maldonado
College Bound, Hosa, Health Assistant, Volunteer Worker
Ambition: Nurse

Edward Marcano
Excellent in English, Health Career — Hosa
Ambition: Chippendale Dancer

Maxine Markland

Ron Marrero

Richard Marshall
Table Tennis, Volleyball
Ambition: Meteorologist

Vincente Marshall

Roger Martin
Soccer Team, Music Award
Ambition: Contractor or Electrician

Anthony Martinez
Basketball, Communications
Ambition: Sports Announcer

Cynthia Martinez
Co-op Program, Typing, A Cappella, Computers
Ambition: Success

Gina Martinez

Juan Martinez
Cooking Class, Business Communication, Swimming
Ambition: Chef

Maritza Martinez

Jacqueline Mason
College Bound, Science Award, Little Theater, Modeling
Ambition: Psychologist

Diane Matos

Michelle Mencke
English, Science
Ambition: Lawyer

Jeannette Mendez

Luis Mesorana
Ambition: Business Management

Ingrid McArthur
Playing Piano, Aerobics, Baseball
Ambition: Physical Therapist

Angela McCalla
Ambition: Success

Kevin McCoy
Attendance
Ambition: Doctor

Leila McCoy
Attendance
Ambition: Wealth

Dave McDonald
Math, Hospital Work
Ambition: Mechanic

Ann-Marie Mckay
Hosa
Ambition: Nurse

Steven Middleton
Computers
Ambition: Success

Delroy Miller
School President, School Debater, Academic Olympics, Honor School, Arista
Ambition: Computer Engineer

Jonathan Mills

Sylvia Minor

Brenda Miranda
Ambition: Executive Secretary

Audrea Mitchelle

Donna Mitchelle
Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Registered Nurse

Leary Mitchell
Ambition Engineer

Melody Mitchell
Swimming, English, Social Studies, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Registered Nurse

Victor Michell
Football, Law Award
Ambition: Pro Football Player

William Mitchell
Little Theater, Psychology Award, Attendance Award
Ambition: Accountant

Elizabeth Molyneux
Attendance, English, Office Procedures
Ambition: Success

Thomas Mones
Leadership Class, Bowling Team, Track Team, Computer Team
Ambition: Electro-Mechanical Engineer

Liza Montalvo
Ambition: Future Executive Secretary

Alfred Moore

Margaret Moore
Certificate of Typing Olympics, Award in Cooking
Ambition: Secretary and X-ray Technician

Odellas Moore
Captain Football Team, Computers, College Bound Student, All City on the Football Team
Ambition: Navy

Timothy Moore

Vivian Morales

Earl Morris
School Vice-President, School Debater, Academic Olympics, Honor School
Ambition: Economics

Dindeyal Motieram
Ambition: Engineering

Lorna Muir
College Bound, Volleyball, Bowling
Ambition: Nurse

Jack Myers

Denise Naylor
Tennis, Volleyball, Art Award
Ambition: Fashion Merchandising or Geriatrics

Lorna Neal
Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Air Traffic Controller

Edward Negron

Merrick Nembhard

Rose Nesbitt
Typing, Cooking
Ambition: Accountant C.P.A.

Janine Nibbs
French, Italian and Geometry
Ambition: Success

Cecil Niles
Football, College Bound, Science
Ambition: Doctor

Michael Nurse
Little Theatre, Improve Olympic Team, College Bound Student
Ambition: Ghost Buster

Jose Orza
Outstanding Educational Achievement, Recipient of Academic Letter "E" for Bilingual Program ESL
Ambition: Doctor

Thelma Outlaw
Typing Award, Enjoy Computers, Art Award, Enjoy Math
Ambition: Computer, Nursing

Pamela Pacheco
Captain of Softball Team, Treasurer of Honor School, Award in English, Social Studies, Spanish and Gym, Senator in Model Congress, Service — Social Studies
Ambition: To Lead a Successful, Happy Life

Lisandra Padilla

Eleanor Pagan

Rohan Palma
Perfect Attendance, Shared Instruction Program
Ambition: Computer Engineer

Diana Palmer
Word Processing, Shorthand, Typing, Computer Literacy
Ambition: Business Manager

Loy Parkinson

Jigiva Patel
Ambition: Computer Operator

Jeffery Paul
Soccer, Track and Field, Motor Bike Riding, High Jumping
Ambition: Minister of Good and a Lawyer

Marjorie Paul
Music, Drama, Dance, Reading
Ambition: Actress and Singer

Howard Payne
College Bound Student, (Award) Biology, Male Model, Food Management
Ambition: Success

Darryl Peace

Deborah Pearson
Good Attendance, Art, English, Science
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Roghena Peart

Sabita Persaud
Honor Society V.P., Arista
Ambition: Science/Math

Desmond Pessoa
Ambition: Computers

David Peters
Ambition: Computer Operator

Anthea Phillip
Biology, The Big "E" Club, Business Machines
Ambition: Success

George Pmienta
Bowling Team
Ambition: World's Greatest Scientist or Accountant

Pauline Pinnock

Edith Pitt
College Bound Student, Volleyball, Math and Spanish, Merit Award
Ambition: Business Management

Elena Plata
Modern Dance
Ambition: Nurse

Celia Pollard

Lamoy Pommells
Math, Government, Academic Excellence, French
Ambition: Word Processor

Marvin Prince
English, Chemistry, Citizenship, Phys. Ed.
Ambition: Success

Beverly Pryce
Biology, Attendance, Typing, Modeling Part-time
Ambition: Computer Engineer

Ricardo Puig
Aviation Maintenance
Ambition: Aviation Electronics

Nancy Quinoned

Stephanie Quinones

Rahaman Shamrodl
Computer Language, Processing
Ambition: Attorney

Anthony Ramoutar
Math, Science, Track, Volleyball
Ambition: Mechanical Engineer

Keith Ramsey
Community Service, Project Continue, Executive Internship, Yearbook Staff
Ambition: Psychologist

Ronald Reed
Ambition: Electrical Engineer

Marion Reed

Luis Reyes
Football Team, Track Team, Little Theater
Ambition: Computer Engineer

Bryan Ricketts
Football Team, Basketball Team, Track Team, Tennis Team
Ambition: Business Management

Jackie Riley
Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Louise Rios
Ambition: Success in Life

Rivera Caridad

Elizabeth Rivera
Majored in Nursing, Volunteer Work
Ambition: Nurse

James Rivera
Ambition: Success in the Career I Choose

Ismael Rivera

Lanett Rivers
Ambition: Computers, Scientist, Beautician

Harold Rivers

Linda Robinson
Italian, Volleyball, Bowling, English
Ambition: Accountant

Nicole Robinson

Ricley Robinson
Ambition: Science Technology

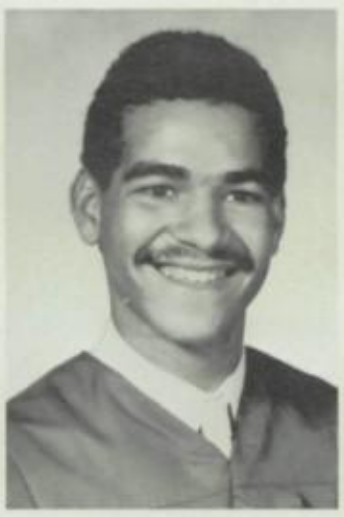
Veronica Robinson

Vivian Robinson

Julian Rodney

Alvin Rodriguez
Judo, Captain of Swimming Team, Swimming City Champion
Ambition: A Career in Medicine

Emilio Rodriguez
School Council, Senior Rep., Theater Art
Ambition: Accountant or Actor



Ismael Rodriguez
Evander Baseball Team
Ambition: Police Officer

Johnny Rodriguez
Judo, Swimming
Ambition: Computer Science

Maria Rodriguez
Certificate for Spanish, Computers, Attendance
Ambition: Computer Science

Leonor Rojo
Volleyball, College Bound
Ambition: Policewoman

Dave Roper
Track Team,
College Bound
Ambition: Business Administrator

Jacqueline Rosario

Maria Rosario
Member of Aspira Club; Slimnastics, Violin, Psychology
Ambition: Pediatrician

Doric Sam
Academic Olympics, Track and Field, Soccer Team
Ambition: To Be Successful

Richard Samms
Ambition: Computer Programmer or a Lawyer

Annisa Samuel
College Bound
Ambition: Nurse

Donald Sanders
Basketball Team
Ambition: Computer Engineer

Melanie Sanderson
Co-op, Typing, Dancing
Ambition: Success

Brenda Santana
Leadership, Swimming Team, Project Continue, Student Union
Ambition: Lawyer

Carmen Santiago
College Bound, Italian, Attendance
Ambition: Success

Marcus Santiago
Art Achievement Award
Ambition: Accountant, Business Administrator

Michael Santiago
Ambition: Business Manager or Accountant

Edwin Santos

Janice Saunders
Swimming Team, Honor School, Attendance

Viola Saunders
College Bound, Perfect Attendance, Volleyball, Track
Ambition: Social Worker

231-1223

Basil Seal
Ambition: Success

Sara Seepersad

Andre Seward
Basketball, Swimming
Ambition: Accountant

Donnell Seward
Basketball
Ambition: Hotel Management

Chevonne Sharpe
Perfect Attendance, Newspaper, Softball and Volleyball Team, Band
Ambition: Success

#2

SUCCESS

Denver Shaw
Honor School, Dancing, Mathematics
Ambition: Real Estate Developer

Dezney Sheppard
Awards in Recordkeeping, Math, Computer

Shèrma Sheppard
Improve Team, Track Team, Project Continue
Ambition: Accountant

Vivienne Sibblies

Verneen Simmons
School Council, Gospel Chorus Club, Senior Rep. Assistance
Ambition: Computer Management

James Slater
Swimming Team
Ambition: Chef

Angelo Smith

Jennifer Fisher-Smith
Dancing Activities, Singer

Kimberly Smith
Ambition: Dancer Singer

Lasandra Smith
Big E Club, Accounting Award, Honor School,
Ambition: Computer Operator or Accountant

Nadine Smith
Ambition: Stenotypist or Accountant

Tyra Smith
A Cappella
Ambition: Finance

Migdalia Solis
Swimming Team, Typing Award, Co-op Program
Ambition: Executive Secretary and success as a Business Woman

Gary Solomon
Concert Wind Ensemble
Ambition: Electro-mechanical Engineer

Annmarie Stanley
College Bound
Journalism Staff
Ambition: Accountant

Donna Stewart

Paulette Stewart
Track, Volleyball, Track Award, Net Ball Award
Ambition: A Lawyer or Commercial Artist or Physiotherapist

Alesia Summers

Gail Talley
Concert Wind Ensemble, Evander Childs Honor School, Big "E" Award in Music
Ambition: Computer Scientist

Moyra Taylor
A Cappella (Pres.), Class Rep.
Ambition: Computer Science/Accounting

Vanessa Taylor
H.O.S.A. Club, Newspaper Staff, Community Service, Community Service
Ambition: The "Best" Physician's Assistant in Pediatrics and "to Follow the Lord Where He Leads Me."

Louis Tescum
General Science, Orchestra, Strings, Little Theatre
Ambition: Computer Analyst and Musician, Model

Clara Thomas
Business Administrating, Modeling, Typing, Accounting
Ambition: Computer Science Field

Althea Thompson
Ambition: To Become an Accountant

Anthony Thompson
Football, Computers, Track, and Perfect Attendance Awards
Ambition: Computers Career in the U.S. Navy

Gary Thompson

Kevin Thompson
Perfect Attendance, Basketball
Ambition: Success

Dennis Thorne
Basketball, Biology Award, Track
Ambition: Mechanical Engineer

Pamela Thrower

David Tomlinson
Football Team
Ambition: A Very Prosperous Life

Greg Toogood
Economics, History, Algebra, Biology
Ambition: Computer Science

Wanda Torres
Tutor, President of Honor School, Arista, Awards for Achievement and Scholarship
Ambition: Pediatrician

Hoover Trujillo

Claude Turner

Maria Vega
Ambition: Nurse or Accountant

Domenic Vientos
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Maria Villegas
Typing, Accounting, Aspira, Perfect Attendance Award
Ambition: Accounting

Dalida Virella
Typing, Basketball, Volleyball, Pisces
Ambition: Business Administrator

Rupert Walker
Honor School, Arista, Baseball
Ambition: Success and Wealth

Robin Walters

Lovonia Ward
Ambition: Secretary

Lisa Washington
Computer Technology, Bowling Team
Ambition: Nurse

Donald Watkins
Pride of the Yankees Award, Certificate of Merit, Attendance Award
Ambition: Architect

Heather Watson
Volunteer, Child Care, Theatre
Ambition: Psychiatrist

Kenny Watts
Theater Arts
Ambition: Accountant

O'dell Webber

Carol White
Drama, Volleyball, Spanish, Science
Ambition: Computer Scientist

Dionne White

Arlene Wiggins
Volunteer Work
Ambition: Business Administration

Stanley Williams
Bowling
Ambition: Accountant

Vesta Williams
Perfect Attendance, Geometry, English, Spanish
Ambition: Lawyer or Journalist

Rena Williams

Donna Williams
Volunteer, Child Care, Typing, Perfect Attendance
Ambition: Psychiatrist, or Medical Secretary

Errol Williams

Natalie Williams

Delroy Wilson
Basketball, Football, Tennis, Baseball
Ambition: Secretary

Derrick Wilson

Donna Wilson
Ambition: Lawyer

Lynn Wilson

Marquise Woods
Volleyball Team, Tennis Team
Ambition: Photo-journalist

Sonia Worrell
Business Machines, Sewing
Ambition: Business Manager

Patricia Wright

Torea Yard
Tennis, Volleyball, Modern Dancing, Singing
Ambition: Computer Programmer

Sylvia Yates
Ambition: Success

Theodore Young, Jr.
Attendance, Improvisation Team, Football Team
Ambition: Computer Analyst

Sandra McDaniel
Sec. of Student Union, Member Debating Team
Ambition: Accountant

Bernardino Ruiz
Ambition: Occupational Therapy and the Navy

Carmen Camillo

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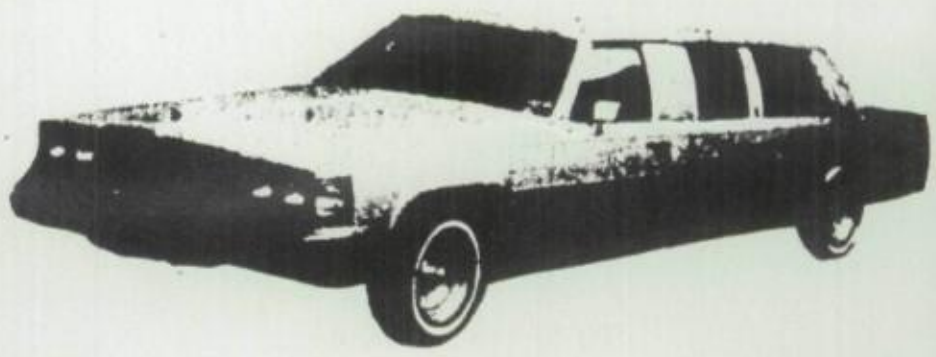

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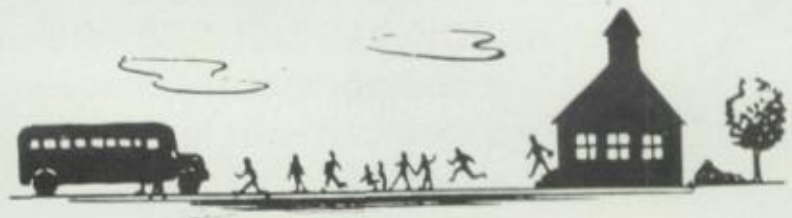

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